

The Brighter Side in Washington

# The Nation

Vol. CXVIII, No. 3061

FOUNDED 1865

Wednesday, Mar. 5, 1924

## The Betrayal of Our War Victims

How Disabled Ex-Service Men Have Been  
Neglected While Millions Were  
Sunk in Waste and Graft

*by Arthur Warner*

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Set the War  
Truths Free!

*Senator Owen's Proposal*

Village Life  
in Hawaii

*by Padraic Colum*

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## National Minorities in Soviet Russia

*by Louis Fischer*

Fifteen Cents a Copy

Five Dollars a Year

Published weekly at 20 Vesey St., New York. Entered as second-class matter December 13, 1887, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879  
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NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1924

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: E. Thurtle, M.P., 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W., 11, England.

## SOME QUESTIONS for Charles D. Hilles, chairman of the National Republican Campaign Committee:

Is it true or not true that three of the sixteen Republican infractions in 1920 of the law limiting campaign contributions to \$1,000 each were listed as coming from Tulsa, Oklahoma?

Did or did not oil influence play a very considerable part in carrying Oklahoma for the first time for the Republican Party?

What part did Jake Hamon, late Republican boss of Oklahoma, play in this matter? Are you aware that it is being widely declared that the whole oil scandal originated with this man?

Is it true or not true that at the close of the Republican campaign of 1920 your committee owed \$1,683,000?

Is it true or not true that of this \$1,683,000, \$100,000 was owed to the banking firm of Hornblower and Weeks of Boston, the junior partner of which, John W. Weeks, subsequently became Secretary of War?

On January 25, 1922, just a few weeks before the Teapot Dome lease was signed, the press declared that your committee's debt had been reduced to \$708,161. Recently it was stated that the debt had entirely disappeared. Is it or is it not true that this favorable change in your committee's situation was brought about largely by gifts or loans or contributions by Harry F. Sinclair and William Boyce Thompson? Was the latter, reputed to be one of the largest stockholders in the Sinclair oil companies, not long associated with you in raising your committee's funds?

"HOW MANY OIL COMPANIES do you represent?" "Why, only twenty-eight including the Sinclair, Doheny, and Standard Oil companies." This was a colloquy between a friend and one of those Mr. Coolidge "mentioned" as ideal for the job of prosecutor. The lawyer's name was promptly dropped; but the incident is illuminating as showing with what carelessness the President went about his job of getting the right kind of men to prosecute the rascals. Mr. Coolidge is plainly in distress. He has had to withdraw Mr. George B. Christian, Jr.'s name for a position on the Federal Trade Commission because it appeared that Mr. Christian had used his influence when Secretary to President Harding to lecture the chairman of the Commission in the President's room, on his attitude toward a certain motion-picture company. By declaring that he would veto any tax bill which did not follow Mr. Mellon's proposals to the very letter Mr. Coolidge has put himself in the position of either defeating any tax reduction or eating his own words—as he did in the case of Mr. Denby and will probably have to in the matter of Mr. Daugherty. If, as now appears probable, the bonus bill is passed and vetoed by the President, he will stand before the country with empty hands, with no record of any legislative accomplishment to point to, and the Republican politicians will begin to see the utter folly of nominating Mr. Coolidge and will cast about for a dark horse.

BASCOM SLEMP—of all the best minds in the Coolidge Administration we think Bascom Slemple's the most remarkable. For self-control, for ability to check any normal impulse of curiosity and to hold one's tongue at just the right moment, commend us to Bascom. History records few if any like him. By pure accident the Secretary to the President drifted to Palm Beach just when Mr. Fall and Mr. McLean were there. By a mere coincidence he dined four or five times with Mr. Fall at Mr. McLean's cottage. The conversation, he tells us, inevitably ran on the weather, on golf, the Volstead law and the Mellon tax bill. Burning as he inwardly must have been to ask both Mr. McLean and Mr. Fall about the oil inquiry, his lips were sealed. Once his curiosity got the better of him—doubtless over the cigars, wines, and nuts. Turning to Mr. Fall he said: "Well, what are the facts about this thing, Senator?" "Young man," replied Mr. Fall gravely, "I wish you would read the record." Bascom, with his delicate and sensitive nature, feeling the implied rebuke, realized he had made a *faux pas* and changed the conversation. Later, when Senator Walsh appeared to ask his deadly questions, Mr. McLean remarked to Bascom on the beach that he was "going to tell all." Marvelous Slemple! He admits his surprise and astonishment, but he declares that he never commented upon this remark even to the extent of saying "Whaddye-mean, Ned?" After Senator Walsh left, another after-dinner conversation occurred, Bascom playing the role of a white-robed sponsor of the truth. Both his pals having admitted that they had lied to the committee, Bascom declares: "I urged him [Fall] to tell you the whole truth about the matter." Let no one think Bascom's self-control



is limited to Palm Beach; it extends to Washington, as this colloquy shows:

Q. Have you seen Mr. McLean since your return?

A. Yes, I called on the McLeans on Thursday.

Q. Was the matter discussed?

A. No, I called socially.

MR. MCADOO seems to be money-mad. Not content with having received close to a million dollars from Mr. C. W. Morse and others, he arranged to receive one million dollars from Mr. Doheny for his services in Mexico—conditioned upon his success in serving that gentleman's interests. Obviously Mr. McAdoo's mission was not strictly legal business—whoever heard of any lawyer earning a million dollars for one piece of straight legal work? It was an effort to get concessions or privileges for Mr. Doheny, or changes in the political and economic policy of Mexico. Mr. Doheny, of course, was willing to pay a million-dollar commission to Mr. McAdoo, not because of his skill as a lawyer but because of his prestige as an ex-Secretary of the Treasury and son-in-law to the then President. Mr. McAdoo may not consciously have said to himself "I had rather be rich than President" but that must have been his subconscious thought. At any rate, he cannot become President. His inability to understand the fitness of things and his readiness to sell his personal and political influence in the guise of legal service combine to stamp him as an unfit candidate, despite the fact that he has been the hope of the railroad workers and the progressive wing of his party.

THOSE WHO DELIGHT to testify to the integrity and intelligence of our press will doubtless be much strengthened in their belief by the remarks of Clarence W. Barron, owner of the *Wall Street Journal*, before the British Empire Chamber of Commerce at a luncheon in New York City. Mr. Barron pins a pure white rose on the coat lapel of both Mr. Denby and Mr. Fall. "I don't think Mr. Fall or any of these other men has ever been for sale, so don't be misled by a lot of politicians in Washington that are endeavoring to run the people of the United States off their feet," says Mr. Barron cheerily. Harry F. Sinclair, he is sure, has not attempted to buy anybody at Washington, and as for Edward L. Doheny—well, in him the country has at last the true conservationist. "Doheny is the best conservationist that I know of. The only way to conserve anything for the government or anybody else is to put it into service." That is, Mr. Barron would doubtless add, the only way to save is to spend; the deepest shade of black is white.

IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA, TOO, oil leaves a slimy trail. M. Tucny, Minister of Public Works, has been forced to resign because of revelations which concern him in two scandals. One deals with the liquor trade; the other with the agreement which Tucny signed, giving the Standard Oil Company a thirty-year near-monopoly on Czecho-Slovak oil. Our newspapers catch but feeble echoes of the titanic battle which has been raging all around the world between the Standard and its British rivals. In January, 1922, M. Tucny signed the agreement covering Czecho-Slovakia; in March, 1922, a Dutch paper (the Dutch, too, are interested in oil) reported that M. Benes, the Czech Foreign Minister who negotiated the Franco-Czech alliance, had cancelled the

agreement. In April the report came that the Standard might after all get the concession; in August a report that it had got it; in December that all was off. What commercial, financial, and diplomatic wire-pulling lay behind these pullings and haulings we do not know; this is a form of secret diplomacy as significant to the historian as the secret treaties of the old days. Only this is clear: that oil works in much the same way in Czecho-Slovakia, in Persia (where Mr. Sinclair's concession is before the Parliament), and in Washington, D. C., and Three Rivers, N. M.

"TORIES HELP LABOR PASS NAVY PROGRAM."

"LABOR WILL CONTINUE BRITISH AIR EXPANSION."

"LABORITES DEFEAT TEMPERANCE MEASURE."

"BRITISH LABOR PASSES SOCIALIST RENT BILL."

HEADLINES SUCH AS THESE from the press of the past week tell the story of the strangely varied course taken by the British Government. Half the time its supporters must find it difficult to recognize their party; sometimes it must be hard for the party to recognize itself. First a speech upholding the previous government policy of "adequate protection against an air attack by the strongest air force within striking distance of the British shores," with passing adjurations to "trust in God and keep your powder dry." Next a victory for Labor and seven new warships won with the help of the Conservatives. Third a union with Conservatives and Liberals against a few reformers of all three parties to kill in its infancy a temperance measure designed to give local option to Wales and Monmouthshire. Then, another victory for Labor—this time by the grace of the Liberals—with a majority in favor of a law continuing control of rents for four more years, and a speech by John Wheatley, Minister of Health, "throwing the gage of class warfare on the floor of the House of Commons"—we quote the London correspondent of the *New York Times*. India lurks behind a corner as the next adversary to be faced and as we go to press no one, not even the Prime Minister himself, seems to know whether he will meet it with an outstretched hand or a closed fist. But in any event the dock strike is over and its settlement has done more than any number of successful parliamentary dodges to establish the ability of the Labor ministers to face the hazards of actual government.

MORE THAN 8½ PER CENT of the owner-farmers in fifteen corn and wheat-producing States lost their farms with or without legal process between January, 1920, and March, 1923, we learn from an inquiry made by the Department of Agriculture in the upper Mississippi Valley. Besides these, 15 per cent were for a time actually insolvent, but held their land "through the leniency of creditors," as the Department of Agriculture puts it, although a more likely reason is that it was obviously impossible to foreclose on much of this property at anything like the face value of the mortgage carried upon it. Tenant-farmers fared still worse—14 per cent lost their farms, while on top of that 21 per cent were spared such losses only because their creditors did not push them to the wall. These are staggering figures. They are personal tragedies to large numbers of our countrymen, and they mean also a huge loss in our industrial system. They represent a labor turnover of the most costly kind—in the field of ownership and management—with the cost added to the burdens of the consumer.



GOVERNOR MCRAE of Arkansas has finally granted a tardy justice to Verlin D. Orr and L. A. Wise, who were convicted a year ago of burning railway bridges during a strike. With Harrison, Arkansas, patrolled by an anti-union mob, and J. C. Gregor, a railroad worker, dead at the hands of lynchers, the attorney for Orr and Wise felt the only way to save them from a like fate was to plead guilty. The men protested their innocence to the judge, but were sentenced to a term of seven to ten years. Later the judge united with the prosecuting attorney in recommending a pardon. The action of a committee appointed by the State Senate, which failed to fix any responsibility for the murder of Gregor or the fate of Orr and Wise, despite the known facts, was branded as high treason by Jacob R. Wilson, the courageous president of the Senate. Still the Governor refused to interfere. Finally the strike was concluded on December 22, 1923, and six weeks later the two men, against whom "not a scintilla of evidence has ever been advanced . . . [although] a mass of evidence has developed to show that the bridge burnings were traceable to red-hot coals which fell from defective locomotives," were released and restored to citizenship. Unfortunately the year stolen from them cannot also be restored.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK, established a new record in zero per cent Americanism when its Board of Aldermen adopted with but one dissenting vote Alderman Haley's ordinance "that any persons who congregate for the purpose of disseminating information about the subject of birth control shall be guilty of misdemeanor." This extraordinary assault on the constitutional rights of free assemblage and free speech was designed to prevent the holding of the two-day New York State conference of the American Birth Control League. As usual, of course, attempted suppression served as the finest kind of advertising. The city's papers were full of the matter. In Baptist and Unitarian churches sermons on birth control were preached, and finally the mayor vetoed the ordinance, which was not aimed at the dissemination of contraceptive information, already forbidden under the New York State law, but at discussion of the merit of the existing law.

PHILIP GIBBS, writing in the *Saturday Evening Post*, has uttered a stirring plea for peace—peace, he says, that "hangs by a slender thread."

It is only ignorance that leads to misunderstanding and hatred. . . . If for a single month the newspapers of Europe could, by some miracle, devote themselves to telling the plain truth of what another war will be, and how easily the interests and burdens of each nation could be readjusted and reconciled by a little give and take, to the vast advantage of all of them, with a simple plea for the comradeship of all common folk across the frontiers in the spirit of Christian charity, there would be a tremendous, an emotional, a joyous response from hundreds of millions of humble men and women. . . . The next war would be made impossible. . . . There is one world-wide organization of people already pledged in the most solemn way to the principles of peace, charity, and human brotherhood, without distinction of class or race. . . . They are under the most sacred obligation to forgive their enemies; they are under a law which forbids them to kill their fellow-men. . . . They are the people of the Christian churches. Is it asking too much that these people should get busy to fulfil their vows and prove the sincerity of their faith?

Turn from this to the daily press of this our Christian country. It is filled with cynical suggestions from Washington of ways of evading the purpose of the Disarmament Conference. We need a distant naval base, our professional militarists say; the treaties ban it directly, but perhaps it "might be realized in time by developing facilities for American trade in a foreign port." Capital ships are restricted; let us make up for it by building cruisers, submarines, airplanes, airplane carriers, so that we get "in shape to fight in the traditional American style."

"GIANT POWER"—the very words hint of magic and of fairyland. We have more than once discussed in the columns of *The Nation* the technical revolution before us; the Giant Power Number of the *Survey Graphic*, just out, gives an extraordinarily vivid and comprehensive picture of the possibilities of the future. In it Henry Ford predicts that "fifty years from now there will be a great many more small cities, rather than a few bigger ones"; Joseph Stella with charcoal and Lewis Hine with his camera picture the factories and the men who man them; Robert Bruère suggests that a billion dollars a year could be saved by burning coal at the mines and transmitting power instead of wasting it in miscellaneous inefficient furnaces. Gifford Pinchot and Governor Smith urge the importance of State control of water-power; Philip Cabot tells how bad it is for the State to intrude into private business, and Sir Adam Beck shows how Canada has made government ownership pay; and Herbert Hoover argues that "waterfalls could be constructed with a view to their better public availability as scenery; and the sheet of water used to produce the scenic effect could be much thinner." Every national issue—oil, coal, conservation, public ownership, Muscle Shoals—is related to the question of giant power; our future as a nation may be determined by it. The editors of the *Survey* deserve public gratitude for presenting so significant and neglected a subject so attractively.

FASHIONS IN PHOTOGRAPHY, like fashions in manners, change with each generation. The notion of the agonized small boy of fifty years ago, facing the camera with head clamped in position, now amuses the rotarian whose photograph, expensive and conspicuous, is displayed in the collection of artistic bunk along Fifth Avenue. But in the spring of 1921 there was held at the Anderson Galleries an exhibition of photography which astonished, impressed, and made uneasy rotarians, painters, and photographers. This was the work of Alfred Stieglitz. In his photographs was an intellectual sympathy with his subjects and an almost troubling exposure of their psychology. Photography had become a creative art. A bewildering array of medals and honors attesting the technique of Stieglitz's work was crowned on January 7, 1924, by the supreme award of the Progress Medal voted unanimously by the Royal Photographic Society of Great Britain to Alfred Stieglitz, who "founded and fostered" pictorial photography in America. The even more recent action of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, an institution proverbially conservative in its enthusiasms, indicates the victory which such men as Stieglitz, Sheeler, and Paul Strand have won for photography: the museum has accepted twenty-seven photographs by Stieglitz to be exhibited as art along with Chinese, Indian, and American paintings.

## The Brighter Side in Washington

OUT of the murk and gloom of Washington come bright rays of encouragement. It is not only that the veil is in some measure being torn aside so that the American people may see what is going on behind it. It is not only that men utterly unworthy of the offices they hold are being shown up for what they are, or even that the public is now being convinced that both parties are alike in their rottenness and incapacity. Perhaps the most cheering fact is that men have been found worthy to grapple with this shocking mess, to defy the ties of party, and to insist that the housecleaning be thorough. It is something to discover that besides Senator La Follette, Senator Borah, Senator Norris, and other standbys, the country has a man to be proud of in Senator Thomas P. Walsh and that the new members of the much-feared "radical bloc" are coming to the front with a verve and a courage which gives great promise for the future. This group, which the conservative press has denounced and derided, which has once more earned the disapprobation of all the millionaire-owned dailies by defeating the Mellon tax bill, is rendering service of incalculable value to the whole country.

Take Senator Wheeler, for instance. His speech on February 19 demanding an investigation of Attorney General Daugherty's performances went all over the country. Not in years has the speech of a brand-new Senator counted for so much. It was not merely because its sincerity and earnestness were so obvious or because it was sensational in character. He had the hardihood to venture to upset all senatorial precedents. There was a crime for you, and it thoroughly fluttered the Republican doves. This brash, inexperienced man actually wanted to designate in his resolution the men to dig into Daugherty's record. He had no desire to have repeated the fiasco of last year when the Representative who moved to impeach the Attorney General found himself put on trial by the Republican machine. He had no desire to let the president of the Senate appoint to the chairmanship another Lenroot, a Bursum, or a Lodge. So he specified that a majority of the committee of inquiry should consist of so-called liberals, that is, trustworthy men, uninfluenced by party considerations, willing to dig to the bottom. He did not wish a recurrence in the Daugherty investigation of that extraordinary spectacle furnished by the Lenroot committee which is investigating the oil scandals, when it neglected to ask a single question of the publishers of the *Marion Star*, after they had read their prepared statement which left so much in doubt.

What happened? The minute Mr. Lodge and his associates heard that speech of Senator Wheeler they hurried off to President Coolidge and besought him to end the agony by putting Mr. Daugherty out of the Cabinet. They must know that even that will not now call off Senator Wheeler's inquiry; that if Daugherty is kicked out of the Cabinet there must still be an investigation into the charges that men around the Attorney General (one of whom committed suicide in Mr. Daugherty's apartment) enriched themselves by the sale of governmental favors; that if Mr. Daugherty did not profit by their activities, he was "a bigger fool than the American people take him for." It only calls for a few men of Senator Wheeler's caliber to let in the light of day. A single man, armored in righteousness, can still put whole hosts to flight.

This opportunity, of course, brings its responsibilities. The new men and the new bloc are facing a searching test. They must have more than courage; they must have the wisdom of the serpent. They must have skill and self-control, for they are fighting against the trained forces of darkness and intrigue, against every possible social and political influence. It is they who have been trying to compel Edward B. McLean to testify fully and freely, knowing as they do that if he does so we shall really get the facts as to the activity of the group around Mr. Harding and of Mr. Harding himself. A single serious slip on the part of these avenging spirits of the Senate will go far to discredit them in the public eye; their opponents will be only too quick to seize upon it to besmirch the only men whose presence in the Senate affords hope that we shall get to the bottom of the mess.

These men have suddenly taken upon themselves tremendous powers. They hold the balance between both the rotten old parties. Some are Democrats, some are Republicans, and some Farmer-Labor. Together they are putting country above party. They are determined to clear the American name, and honest citizens everywhere, whether they believe in all the political and economic doctrines of the bloc or not, should stand behind them. In a sense their situation is not unlike that of the British Labor Party; our progressives, too, are a minority; their strength comes chiefly from an unselfish devotion to the public welfare and from an accidental balance of power; they, too, are a wedge destined to split apart the two old parties. Who knows what they may not achieve in the next few months? Around them may—and can—be built a new and, if you please, a radical party, if by radical is meant an incorruptible party, a party not bound together by the cohesive bonds of public plunder but by an unflinching determination to serve the public in accordance with a program that cuts through to the conditions that create and hold in power our masters of privilege, who are therefore masters of the people.

Who shall be the chief leaders? At the moment no answer is possible. Whether it shall be La Follette or Borah or Norris from the older men time alone will show; it may be that it will prove to be a Wheeler, a Dill, or someone else. That the emergency will call out a worthy standard-bearer, if not this year then later, no one dare doubt. What adds to the terror of the Old Guard at Washington is their realization that when you open the floodgates as they are opened now no one can foresee whither anyone will be borne by the torrent of popular indignation. Once start revelations like these and you cannot tell from day to day or hour to hour where the next break will come, who will be the next to fall or who will come out on top to lead.

The anger of the public is tremendous; it must not be allowed to subside or to spend itself upon individuals. It is not enough to oust Mr. Denby and Mr. Daugherty from the Cabinet. These men are but symbols and symptoms. They represent a chapter in the history of the United States, an era in which the corrupt ethics of business were established in Washington and sanctified as "normalcy." The encouragement of the hour is that a new type of man is winning public confidence. If the general disgust with the old system can be organized by these men and made permanent the scandals will have been a public gain.



## Set the War Truths Free!

SENATOR ROBERT L. OWEN has made a wise suggestion which is so wise that it will almost certainly be left unrealized. He has offered a resolution directing the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate to appoint a committee to study the question of the origin of the war. "More than 100,000,000 people in Central Europe now, five years after the cessation of hostilities, are still convinced," he says, "that their governments were not the only ones at fault in the days and months and years preceding the fatal first of August, 1914." And since these people know that the whole Treaty of Versailles rests upon the assumption of Germany's sole responsibility for the war, they attribute their present misery to a lie. Officially, our American Government still shares the assumption of 1914. Senator Owen, however, having studied the secret documents revealed since the armistice, has come to a very different conclusion; and he believes that any impartial commission would do likewise.

England's Labor Government is more likely to act on such a principle than the American Senate, or than Mr. Coolidge or Mr. Hughes. Indeed, Ramsay MacDonald could hardly render any greater service to the world than to appoint a committee consisting, say, of E. D. Morel, that brave prober of the dark corners of diplomacy; G. P. Gooch, the distinguished author of the "History of Modern Europe," and Professor Raymond Beazley, or some other equally fearless historian, and to instruct this committee to search the files of the British Foreign Office for material bearing upon the origin of the war. The German, Austrian, and Russian files have been searched by men far less friendly to their own pre-war governments, and the world, or at least that fraction of it which is willing to study facts and to revise prejudgments, knows what there lay hidden.

Only the French and the British archives remain secret. The same men rule in the French Foreign Office today as ruled there in the decade that brought on the Great War; Poincaré, the premier who cemented the Franco-Russian military and naval alliances in the days of the Czar, is at the helm again, busily building new alliances and signing military and economic "agreements," some public, some secret, just as in the days of 1912 and 1913. But in England there is new blood. Charles P. Trevelyan, who resigned from the British Cabinet in 1914 in disgust at the revelation of secret agreements made by Sir Edward Grey, has returned to office; Ramsay MacDonald and Philip Snowden, who throughout the war worked shoulder to shoulder with E. D. Morel in that Union for Democratic Control which has made so powerful a fight for open diplomacy in Great Britain, are in high office. They may not stay in power forever; it is an opportunity not to be lost.

England's archives, to be sure, are unlikely to contain such startling revelations as those dug out of the Russian file-cabinets. Senator Owen has rendered another public service by his study of the Russian documents, and by his public analysis of them in a speech before the Senate of the United States. This is a speech which should go far and wide, and be studied with care. There are points in which it goes beyond the considered judgment of the editors of *The Nation*. We think, for instance, that he passes too lightly over the stubborn determination of the Austrian military and diplomatic chiefs to humiliate Serbia, and

treats too casually the attitude of Germany through most of July, 1914, when he sums up thus:

The German militaristic rulers did not will the war, tried to avoid the war, and only went into war because of their conviction that the persistent mobilizations of Russia and France meant a determination on war and were secretly intended as a declaration of war by Russia and France against Germany. The records show that the Russian and French leaders were determined for war, and intended the mobilization as the beginning of a war which had for many years been deliberately prepared and worked out by the complete plans of campaign through annual military conferences.

Yet these conclusions, like those of Judge Bausman in his "Let France Explain," are the product of research and analysis, and are supported by documents of which most Americans are still ignorant. It cannot be denied that in the last days of July, when Europe was on the brink of war, the Kaiser and Bethmann-Hollweg did try frantically to put a check-rein on Austria; it is true that the Russian Foreign Minister telegraphed at a critical moment that "if there is a question of exercising a moderating influence in Petrograd we reject it in advance," and thereby deliberately destroyed a chance of peace; it is true that on July 30 the Russian Ambassador in Paris was able to telegraph to Petrograd that the French Minister of War had informed him enthusiastically "that the Government is firmly decided upon war"; it is true that the French and Russians had prepared every detail of their common military action and that the story of their being taken by surprise and caught "unprepared" was a legend; it is true that both the Russian and the French governments, and the British as well, deliberately falsified the texts of the rainbow books in which they professed to reveal to their peoples the negotiations which preceded the war.

Oil absorbs American attention for the present; and, probably the American diplomatic documents concerning oil—in Costa Rica, Colombia, Venezuela, Mesopotamia, and the Dutch East Indies—will, if Senator Dill forces Mr. Hughes to reveal them, be almost as significant reading as the pre-war papers. Nevertheless we still play a role in European affairs, and our attitude toward the European struggle is largely determined by the distorted views of Germany's sole responsibility for the war which are still so prevalent. If any commission could take action which would lead to a juster historical assessment of the causes of that catastrophe and force a deep revulsion of American feeling, it would perform an enormous service.

## Talent and Character

PLAIN people intent, necessarily, upon the questions of bread and salt, child and shelter, dislike and distrust talent, which they oppose to character. And by character they mean the ability to roll down the grooves of common habit to a paid-up life-insurance policy and a decorous funeral. Sometimes this fear of talent which the commonest sense harbors expresses itself in wild and comic exaggerations as when, in a recent number of a popular magazine, an anonymous rich man explains "why I never hire brilliant men." And in smoking-rooms and other places where ordinary citizens air their sagacity one comes upon a pride and satisfaction in mediocrity that have reached the stature of a cult and a religion.



Anyone absorbed in thought and letters watches the workings of this strange legend with both sorrow and amusement. For what he sees about him in his special field is abundant talent and very little character. Only he is afraid of using the latter word lest, by any chance, it be confused with the word that comes from the lips of drummers. Of character in this sense he finds far too much. A young novelist shows a flash almost of genius and settles down to concocting stories that bring no less than a thousand dollars a piece; a young playwright whose tragedy has failed in the special sense of Broadway writes a salacious concoction for a well-known hetaira. Canniness is plentiful in the arts; character is rare—the strength to hold out, defy, endure want, obscurity, even obloquy. The ideal, as Ibsen knew, kills. Very well. That, then, is the appointed death.

What our artists do not know is that art is not a craft to be practiced but a life to be lived. This life cannot be lived in any desultory, in any hit or miss fashion. Neither has it any true relation to whim or mere change or what the crowd, often enough mistakenly, to be sure, calls lawlessness or licentiousness. The life of art and thought is the reverse of lawless. But the law it obeys is an inner law, a law that has grown from reasoned necessities of the human spirit, a law that has its kinship to the laws by which the stars revolve in their courses and is utterly alien to the laws passed by congressmen and executed by magistrates. This distinction should be no strange one in a country predominantly Protestant in tradition, a country that gave rise to New England transcendentalism, a country in which the names of Thoreau and Emerson are still a power. But the sad truth is that business and prosperity and the sense of the common have so corrupted the life of art and thought that the right and necessary distinction between talent and character has almost disappeared and the grocer of today need hardly rebel if his son go in for literature instead of law, for typescripts rather than titles.

The literature thus produced in abundance is, necessarily, competent only at its very best. The common proverb that you cannot eat your cake and have it too, applies to this, as to many other situations. The artist whose work is to have in any fashion or to any degree the immortal accent must pay a price. This price is heavier as the community in which he lives and works is canny and heavy-handed and alienated from any tradition of true freedom. But there is no way out. The price must be paid. Sooner or later, upon some concern or other, the artist will have to stand alone or almost alone and will have to draw from an inner source that strength of the solitary which Ibsen wrote about in "An Enemy of the People." He will have to learn to bear that and the consequent calumny with an equal mind and an unsoured temper. He will have to defeat and disprove the silly saying that where much mud is flung some will stick, for if it does stick it can stick only to his garments and not to his mind. That mind must remain serene at its core, above battle and hubbub and the crying of fools, ready to make of this, as of all experience, beauty, truth, vision, whereby the very foulness and folly of this world from which it suffers may be cleansed and illumined. Such is the task of the artist, such the responsibility of talent. You may shirk that task and still write good imagist verse and clever stories. You cannot shirk it if you are to write one word that is to count in the long salvation of mankind.

## The Sea Repeats Itself

LIKE a tale from the long ago is that brought from Chile of the voyage of the sailing ship *Garthwray* from Grangemouth, Scotland, to Iquique. It has all the elements of old-time adventure at sea: a trip of prodigious length, a battle with storms, long-continuing danger and hardship, reduced rations, and final victory.

The length of the voyage itself stirs an uneasy sense of loneliness in any one brought up in this gregarious and tense-living age. Five hundred and nineteen days at sea with brief stops at only three ports during this time! Nearly a year and a half of life with an endless vision of sea in all directions! No city lights, no stirring crowds, no shop windows, no motion pictures, no girl that you left behind; just the company of your shipmates, the narrow confines of forecabin and deck, the monotonous rotation of watches on and watches off, the endless routine of wheel and lookout, of setting and taking in sail, of repairing gear, of cleaning and painting; the same old food, the same old jokes, the same old pastimes. Seventeen months of water and sky, of working and shirking in the same old way. And yet—many times less tedious, less lonely, less futile, less gray than the lives of many in our teeming cities.

The *Garthwray* left Grangemouth on June 12, 1922, headed for the West Coast by way of the Horn. Delayed first by head winds and calms as she made her way southward through tropic seas, and then lashed and broken and dismantled by a pampero off the River Plate, she was obliged to seek the help of a passing steamship and be towed into Montevideo for repairs. With a new captain and largely a new crew, the *Garthwray* then pointed her bow again for old Cape Stiff but could not get around this giant that for years has fought off all comers. Gale after gale blew and blew—always out of the west, howling and shaking their fists furiously in the face of the *Garthwray*. Sail after sail was torn to pieces; icy waves poured over the bulwarks and rushed aft over the deck. At last the captain gave up in despair, put his vessel about, and with the wind at his back, started to run the other way around the world for his destination. For 4,000 miles the ship then sailed eastward toward the Cape of Good Hope. Provisions were short, and for ninety-nine days the crew was reduced virtually to "salt horse" and hard biscuit—the rude fare of years ago. The *Garthwray* put in at Cape Town to clean off the barnacles and seaweed that had now attached themselves to her bottom and were impeding her progress. Here also a new captain came aboard and another mate in place of the original one, who went home sick. Then the *Garthwray* was off again, and with the exception of a brief stop for fresh water and provisions at Hobart, Tasmania, continued uninterrupted across the Pacific to the Chilean coast, finally dropping anchor in the roadstead outside the sand-swept, sun-dried nitrate port of Iquique on December 23, 1923. Of the original ship's company only the carpenter, the steward, and nine apprentices remained. Even the ship's cat, which had made seven passages around the Horn, got fed up on sea life before the trip was over, and was last seen in Cape Town heading toward the Congo and the calmer life of the African jungle.

The sea's dangers and difficulties never grow less. The most we do is to devise better methods to elude them, or to rescue ourselves when overtaken.

# The Betrayal of Our War Victims

By ARTHUR WARNER

THE film of oil which covers the national political waters should not be allowed to obscure one especially dark and filthy pool. The puddle in question is our treatment of the sick and disabled ex-service men of the World War. There has been an almost continuous stench from this source since the armistice, culminating in the investigation of the Veterans' Bureau last year by a select committee of the United States Senate. A report just issued by this committee, along with two volumes of testimony, mirrors an even more disgraceful and sordid condition of affairs than was suggested by the newspaper accounts at the time of the public hearings last autumn or the still earlier revelations by Samuel Danziger in *The Nation* of August 22, 1923.

The orgy of corruption and inefficiency in connection with our unfortunate ex-service men is without question the most tragic failure and disgrace of our war effort. It is no more inexcusable than the collapse of our airplane program; no more gigantic than the waste of the Shipping Board; no more corrupt than various post-war sales of supplies and materials by officers of the War Department. But these scandals and swindles were at the worst a rape upon American citizens and taxpayers in general; they were not at the expense of a particular class—a group which the nation was under a sacred obligation to deal with generously and humanely. Besides, these other scandals are over and done with, while hundreds of veterans are still the victims of graft and incompetence in the organization intrusted with their care. Undeniably there has been great improvement in the administration of the Veterans' Bureau since the disappearance of the malodorous Colonel Forbes and the arrival of General Hines as director last March. It is too early to judge the efforts of the latter, but obviously there is still much to be done. Indeed, as these lines are written, conditions have come to light in the offices of the New York district which are described by United States Attorney Hayward by the short but comprehensive word "rotten." The Senate committee, while commending General Hines for certain improvements, says that he will fail unless he gets rid of "a substantial number of the men whom he inherited from his predecessor."

Probably there is no branch of the public service in recent years in which the morale of the organization has sunk so low as in the Veterans' Bureau under Colonel Forbes. It seems incredible that a great humanitarian public work, costing the American people half a billion dollars a year, should have slipped into the hands of such a gang of blackguards. General John F. O'Ryan, as counsel to the Senate committee, and Senator Reed of Pennsylvania, as its chairman, leave Colonel Forbes without a shred of character or integrity. They strip him even of the cloak of good-natured incapacity which friends have tried to wrap about the former director, charging him unequivocally with criminal conduct and conspiring to defraud the Government. Consider these paragraphs from the report:

Colonel Forbes had been vice-president of the Hurley-Mason Construction Company of Tacoma, Washington, and held that position at the time of his appointment by the President as director of the Veterans' Bureau. This com-

pany operated largely on the Pacific coast. Operating in the East and the Middle West were a number of contracting companies, all owned or controlled by J. W. Thompson and James W. Black of St. Louis, Missouri, and Chicago, Illinois. A man named Mortimer, who represented Thompson and Black in their plans to secure construction contracts from the Veterans' Bureau, became the intimate of Director Forbes. The testimony of Mortimer, Forbes, Mrs. Mortimer, Williams, Hogshead, Milliken, Sweet, all show that Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer accompanied Director Forbes on trips of inspection, going in and out of hospitals and visiting proposed sites in various parts of the country. These supposedly official occasions were pleasantly combined with a continuous round of social pleasure. Lavish entertainment and special accommodations were provided during these trips, and where those were not paid for by local hosts, they were paid for by Mortimer, the contractors' agent seeking the favor of Director Forbes. . . .

After Director Forbes and Mr. Mortimer had come to know and understand each other's character and purposes, Forbes, stating he was short of funds, asked Mortimer whether he could arrange to let him (Forbes) have a \$5,000 loan. This was arranged. The money was to be advanced by Thompson and Black. The ten \$500 bills were actually delivered to Forbes by Mortimer in the bathroom of Forbes's suite at the Drake Hotel in Chicago, June 22, 1922. The conspirators then consisted of Forbes, Mortimer, Thompson, and Black. After Forbes and Mortimer arrived at the Fairmount Hotel in San Francisco, Forbes introduced Mortimer to his former partner and intimate friend, Hurley, of the Hurley-Mason Company, saying that he wanted Mortimer to know him intimately. This intimacy promptly developed. Hurley gave Mortimer a copy and explanation of a secret code to be used by the conspirators in telegraphic communications affecting their interests. When at Hayden Lake, Washington, Forbes, Hurley, and Mortimer agreed to combine with the Thompson-Black combination already existing, upon terms and conditions stated in the testimony of Mortimer. Thus the ring of conspirators was increased in number by the admission of Hurley. Later Hurley's company secured, after advertisement for bids by the bureau, the contract for the construction of the hospital at American Lake for the contract price of \$1,397,000, although the company was the third lowest bidder.

Mortimer, by Colonel Forbes's own testimony, was a drunkard and a wife-beater. The former director's attitude toward this man appears in an excerpt from the official testimony when the examination turned upon a certain inspection trip, especially upon a social gathering that was part of it:

MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN. Was Mortimer drunk again? COLONEL FORBES. He was.

MAJOR GENERAL O'RYAN. How was it, Colonel, that you, on this official trip of yours, carried this drunk around with you?

COLONEL FORBES. He would have his little souse parties, and I would tell him unless he cut it out he would have to leave the party. He would always apologize and say, "I am perfectly all right, and I won't do it again."

With conditions like these at the top of the Veterans' Bureau it was inevitable that rottenness should permeate downward, disorganizing and corrupting the whole machine. Some idea of the spirit and discipline of the field



force is suggested by the following coarse and familiar letter from an employee named Tripp to Chief Clerk Black, a man of high responsibility in the bureau in Washington:

MY DEAR MR. BLACK: Just a line to thank you for sending our checks. Evans leaves tonight for D. C. after loafing around here for the past week. Say, this is *some* town. You are missing the *real old* times. Hunting season is on—rabbit dinners, pheasant suppers, wines, beers, and booze—and, by God, we haven't missed a one yet. Collins and I get invitations to 'em all. Last Wed. I was soused to the gills on rabbit, etc. Last Sat. wines—Oh, Boy! New Jersey is "dry" but Ohio—you pronounce it O-HI-O—and these fellows here are some "treaters." We eat and wine with the mayor, the sheriff, the prosecuting atty. . . .

Dexter sold the buildings here—now there's an argument on—and he wants to include it in my sale—nothing doing—unless Forbes wires so. When he sold 'em, I offered to do it but was hinted "hands off." Tell Witman that McAuliffe is wrong to include 'em in my sale, it can't be did—as the authority came too late to advertise in my sale & the auctioneer had to hold a separate sale on the 28th of Oct. Have Witman write a letter to Dexter and authorize him to pay the auctioneer his commission separate from mine but on the scale I accepted. Other words treat 'em as two separate sales—for I sold merchandise only—and Dexter sold the buildings. Damn if I'll be the goat. . . .

Let me know when Forbes is going to sell by sealed proposals, then's when I get a Rolls-Royce. Got a good drink coming, so here's back to you.

Bribery, graft, waste, and ineffectiveness were, of course, the consequences of a personnel of this sort. It would be a work of supererogation to pile up details. It is enough to recount a single instance—the sale to the Thompson-Kelly Company of Boston for about twenty cents on the dollar of over \$3,000,000 worth of property and supplies at Perryville, Maryland, "most of it new and in original packages," for which there was continuing use by the government. Of this sale, made in an irregular and illegal way, the Senate committee says:

In the list of supplies offered for clearance by the director of the Veterans' Bureau to the Chief Coordinator of the Budget Bureau, the number of bed sheets was given as 2,622, described as assorted bed sheets. In the list of property attached to the Thompson-Kelly contract, the number of sheets of the same description is 2,866. Actually there were delivered to the Thompson-Kelly Company 84,930 bed sheets. Most of these sheets were of high quality and in excellent condition. They were not only sold for 20 cents on the dollar, but at the time the contractor was taking them away other sheets, purchased at \$1.03 each by the Veterans' Bureau, were being delivered at the depot. Such were the conditions at the depot that some of these bales of new sheets upon arrival at the storehouse were run through and out the other side to the waiting cars of the contractor, who carried them off as part of the booty. Thus the director was selling 84,000 sheets for one-fifth their value at a time when they were needed and when he was purchasing sheets at their full value.

When the President of the United States questioned the propriety of the sales, he was informed by Director Forbes and Commander O'Leary that the property being disposed of and sold to the Thompson-Kelly Company was in fact surplus and in some instances unserviceable. Articles were produced and represented to the President as being true samples of the goods being sold, but according to the testimony of Brigadier General Sawyer and Mr. Hendrix, the storekeeper at Perryville, as well as Mr. Bierman, associate medical purveyor at Perryville, about 75 per cent of the property sold to the Thompson-Kelly Company was not

only serviceable, but as good as new, and needed by the Public Health Service, the soldiers' homes, and the Veterans' Bureau.

It is pleasanter to turn from this sordid picture to some of the reforms made in the Veterans' Bureau under General Hines. A few of those mentioned by the Senate committee follow:

The number of employees on the pay rolls has been reduced by 2,500.

Thousands of claimants were being subjected to repeated physical examinations. A survey by General Hines indicated that 100,000 of such men were entitled to permanent ratings; such ratings are now being given.

Discipline in hospitals was lax and supervision inadequate. Visiting Drexel Hospital, Chicago, last May, the new director found 85 per cent of the patients away from the institution, although the time was between 8 and 10:30 in the evening. He therefore closed the hospital.

A cut of about \$800,000 per year in unnecessary rentals and \$1,500,000 in superfluous salaries has been made.

The expenses for long-distance telephone calls at the central office alone were reduced from \$453 in January, 1923, to \$25 for July.

The bids for Livermore Hospital were regarded as so wasteful that they were rejected, with an ultimate saving of \$150,000 in cost of construction.

There were 1,593 cases pending in Washington before the board of appeals, subject to be called up irrespective of their order through political or personal influence. The system was changed and the cases have been reduced to 900.

Expenditures for dentistry, regarded as extravagant, have been reduced from \$6,000,000 to \$3,000,000 a year.

From 400 to 500 complaints were coming in daily, few of which received even an acknowledgment. A method for replying was arranged and a great reduction in the number of complaints has been made.

Director Hines stated in his testimony that patients in hospitals could be reduced 25 per cent at once; that abuse exists because a premium is now placed upon men remaining in hospitals; that in effect they have been actually paid to stay there; that the present system is making government wards out of numbers of men; that in relation to some hospitals a visitor has almost to push his way through the automobiles parked about the building, which are the property of patients, who purchased them out of money received from the Government. These abuses, the Senate committee says, are now in process of correction.

To put an end to the era of waste and corruption is undoubtedly the first and most necessary job in the Veterans' Bureau. But that is not the final end. Eventually the bureau must be made, at whatever cost, to do justice by our sick and disabled ex-service men. This means permanent care for some and for others as speedy a return as possible to self-respecting self-support. Among the suggestions for betterment made by the Senate committee is one that the President of the United States be empowered to appoint a board of three medical officers, one each from the Army, the Navy, and the Public Health Service (one with experience in nervous diseases and another a specialist in tuberculosis), this board to make recommendations for a reorganization of the medical services of the Veterans' Bureau; and also that a committee of five persons conversant with life insurance be appointed to report on that aspect of the question.



## America in Polynesia\*

By PADRAIC COLUM

### II. Hawaiian Village Life

THE island of Hawaii may be as big as the State of Connecticut. Its chief town is Hilo, where "the rain walks softly through the lehua trees." Hawaii has the active volcano Kilauea, the snow-topped mountains Mauna Loa and Mauna Kea; it has shining vistas of the Pacific, it has great lava-covered tracts that are terribly impressive, and it has deep gorges in which old-world Polynesia still lives on.

Very well do I remember a pastoral part of that island—a country of green slopes and rises that in the brilliant sunshine were greener than any green places I ever looked on. The place was dominated by Mauna Kea, a mountain that has snow on its top that is like frosting on a cake. The place had high geraniums and white lilies; its doves were cooing and its larks were singing and its calves were upon green hills. Men ride by on horses with wreaths of flowers on their hats; the roads are a tangle of blue and purple morning-glory.

Further down the blue ocean makes a great frill of lace on the black-lava shingle; opening to the ocean is one of Waipaio's thirteen valleys. The hills bear down in gulches that are furrowed by narrow white streams; below there is a flat that is marked into different squares by rice patches and taro patches. Down into the valley and up out of it come men on horseback leading horses that carry high packs. So they go into and out of the valley, bringing down stores or bringing up produce.

A man is on the road that will bring him by winding and zigzag ways down into the valley. He wears a yellow oilskin, and the foot that protrudes out of his wooden stirrup is bare. It rains; he has on a hat of lau-hala fiber.

What mixture has his Hawaiian blood? I ask myself as he stops and speaks to us in Hawaiian and English. A pure Hawaiian would be genial if he spoke to us in this off-hand way; he would laugh with us. But this man smiles only, and as he smiles he looks into our faces in a childlike and pathetic way. He talks lengthily, holding his roan horse. Hawaiians are dramatic, but they are never actors; this man sees himself and he is acting a part—he is a play-boy.

There is pathos in his eyes, there is a sense of loneliness about the man. Hawaiians have distinction, but it is race distinction, not personal distinction. And this man, for all his Hawaiian speech, has a personal distinction. He was Kanaka pure, he told us; father Kanaka, mother Kanaka—a Kanaka of the valleys he was.

"What do they live on in the valley?" I asked. On what they grew—taro, sweet potatoes, rice. They had fish, too, he said, and then he spoke of that splendid Hawaiian fish, the mullet. They had poi and fish—nothing else; no tea, no coffee, no pig now.

He apologized for his inexpressiveness in English. He was three months at school, and then—*pau*—no more. He tapped his head—not good. On account of his poor brain, he suggested, he had remained poor. "Man no shoe, horse

no shoe," said he. Sure enough his horse was unshod. He protruded his bare foot and gazed at it pathetically. "Man bare, horse bare," said he.

Then he brightened up. "If you fellow," said he, "come down we give you poi, potatoes, fish." As a further inducement he added *oklehau*. *Oklehau* is the native alcohol. He added something more. "If you fellow come down wahine hula." His wife would dance for me.

I thought of a middle-aged Hawaiian woman dancing and I was not fired at the thought. Then I asked him how long he had been married.

"Three months, two days," he told me.

"What age are you?" I asked.

"Forty-three," he said.

"Not married before?" I asked.

"Three wahine before—four wahine altogether."

Four wives! I expressed astonishment. I thought that perhaps he was dignifying mere casual connections. But he held up his hand solemnly. "I promise. I Christian."

"Which kind of Christian?"

"Christian, Hawaiian style," he said.

Could he mean Mormon? I wondered. The Mormons are creating something like a national church for the Polynesians. But the Mormon missionaries whom I knew gave a very strict discipline to their converts; in the houses into which we went with them there was no *oklehau*—no talk of a hula either.

"Mormon," he said.

"Then how does it come," I asked, "that you made promises to four wahine?"

"One was living in the valley now. One dead. One in Hilo. One in Molokai."

Molokai sounded ominous. Was the wahine sick? I asked.

"Sick, yes. Pake-sickness."

Pake-sickness—Chinese sickness. That meant leprosy! I looked at the man; he sat on his horse in the rain, a childlike and pathetic smile on his face. But he brightened again. The wahine that lived with him now would do a hula for me if I came down with him into the valley.

"How many men and women were below?"

"Thirty wahine, thirty. . . ."

"Kanaka," I suggested.

He paused, not accepting the word. "Thirty kane," he said. Kanaka means men; kane means husbands or heads of families.

"Thirty kane, thirty wahine," I said. "Keiki (children) too?"

"Plenty keiki," he assented.

"And the Pake—had they children too?"

"Pake grow rice, not grow mans," he said.

Suddenly he started off and went down zigzag in the rain. He waved his hand as he went. For all that he claimed to be straight Polynesian, there was something about the man that reminded me of Connacht or Castile. He was a play-boy because of some dash of Iberian blood.

The heavy surge of the ocean is pounding on the shore.

\* This is the second of a series of three articles on Hawaiian life. The third will be on Polynesian folk stories.

The sky above is all covered with shroudlike clouds. The little fields are green, and they are marked off from each other by walls of loose stone. If, before my faculties were awake I stood outside this dwelling, I might fancy myself in the west of Ireland.

But the unfamiliarities of the landscape would soon break in. The walls that mark off the fields seem to be made of black coals—they are of lumps of lava. Then there are the stringy trees—a long piece of string with a knot on its top, kept upright and swaying—these are the Pacific trees, the cocoanut palms, and they are everywhere around. Then there are other trees that are still more extraordinary. I look with amazement upon a grove of them—the hala trees. Their trunks and their branches grow bare. Then at the end of the branch there is a sheaf of green streamers like reeds. And each sheaf has in it a big, cone-shaped fruit that is serrated like a pine-apple. The branches grow out and then twist back and twist back again—as if someone had twisted the back of his hand toward us and then twisted the fingers of the hand he had twisted. These trees grow out of the blackness of lava soil and lava blocks. This particular grove is filled with the roar of the ocean, and I think that if there was ever a place where I might see the Menhune, the goblin fairies of Hawaii, this is the place.

This district, cut off from the plantation area by great tracts of lava-covered ground, has no Japanese, Portuguese, or Filipinos resident; there are two Chinese families here, but they have Hawaiian speech. It is one of the few places on the large islands that the Polynesian Hawaiians have reserved for themselves. English is the language of instruction in the schools, but the children learn Hawaiian songs and Hawaiian is the language one hears them use in their play. The Hawaiian language and the Hawaiian way of living may hold their own here for at least another generation.

Near by is a heiau—a pagan temple, or rather a precinct for pagan sacrifices. It is an oblong mound of black stones, with holes where the idols stood, and with an inclosure where human beings were sacrificed. The cocoanut palms near it may be the trees that Captain Cook's sailors looked upon. On the beach are the canoes with their outriggers. In a garden that I pass a man is working with a primitive digging tool, the wooden spade that was used when iron was a precious metal in the islands. In a shelter near by a blear-eyed woman, who looks a hundred years of age at least, is plaiting the lau-hala fiber into a mat such as the first white visitors to the islands slept on. A boy with a stone pestle in his hands is pounding the taro into poi.

I could easily imagine myself a first comer to this place. But at night, in the house, we are very up-to-date. We sit around a kerosene lamp. The Hawaiians are not quite used to tables and chairs; the lamp is left on the floor; we sit on the mats and read the weekly journals, the *Hoku o Hawaii* (the *Star of Hawaii*) and the *Nupepa Kuokua* (the *Independent Newspaper*).

The life on this farm by the sea is leisurely, and by leisurely I do not mean lazy. They are a fine people, the folk in whose house I am living, with active bodies. Like most Hawaiians they have ability in handicraft and decoration: all day the taciturn grandmother, seated on the floor, plaits a mat of the streams of the hala tree—long, reed-like fibers softened in water, split, and then plaited as a child at home would plait a little mat of rushes. Beautifully clean

mats of the kind she is making cover the floors of the different rooms. The bedspread in the room I sleep in, with its bold branching design of bread-fruit, has been made in the house. This bread-fruit design was given to the Hawaiians by the missionaries.

And all day the little girl—I must write her name carefully—Ka-puna-puke-lani, "The Well at the Heavenly Gate," works with her needle. What charming interiors they might have, I think, if they would give their decorative impulses free play! The different lei of lima-blossoms that hang on the walls make a real decoration. They have no pictures, but they have what every Hawaiian house has, a row of photographs enlarged; the mild men and women who are their subjects look fearfully grim. I have come to think that the Hawaiians do not look on photographs as we look on them, as pictured mementos of friends and admired people: to the Hawaiians, I believe, a collection of photographs means a real society. Every Hawaiian has, or used to have, a mele inoa, a name-song that was known to their friends. I have a notion that the Hawaiians in whose houses I have been often chant a brother's or a sister's, a son's or a daughter's name-song under one of these photographs; they can, I believe, bring up a presence in a way that we could not bring up the presence of any of our friends.

The women of this house have not to make ready food for pigs or cattle. There are pigs here in plenty, but they are turned into the guava-fields, and there, with their litters around them, they stay, knocking the wild guava fruit off the bushes or eating it where it lies on the ground—the guava that we know only when it comes to us as delicious jelly. The guava was introduced into the islands, and, like many other plants brought into it, has become a pest. The pigs have it all. And the women do not have to go to milk in the mornings and evenings; we do without milk and butter here, although there is plenty of pasture for cattle. The Hawaiians, in spite of the fact that they have had cattle since Vancouver's day, are not a milk or a butter using people.

As in the old days, they live near the beach. They have always been a beach-dwelling people, and I note that the Rev. Mr. Ellis, who was here a hundred years ago, says that the interior of the island of Hawaii was an unexplored wilderness. And, as in the old days, the people are partly fishermen, partly farmers. I go with one of the boys of the house to a cultivated field. Instead of ridges there are little mounds in the field—mounds of black earth. In these mounds the sweet potatoes grow. We grub them up and take home a bagful for supper. There is another vegetable in the field—the small-leaved Chinese cabbage; these, too, we pull up, and we cut down some branches of bananas. Then we make our way back through the guava bushes and across the walls of lava-stone.

In the evening, after supper, we sit for a while on the veranda. Relations of the family come from the houses near by and talk an Hawaiian that is full of barks and grunts. The boys and girls of the house take out their ukuleles or their steel guitars and play and sing Hawaiian melodies. They love music and song; like all their country-folk, they sing without apology or self-consciousness. I ask the little boy who has been playing the ukulele to tell me what the song is about that has just been sung. "It is about a girl who runs away from her step-mother; she makes the girl work too hard and she gives her nothing to



eat. The girl goes into the forest and she lives on guavas and shrimps out of the stream. There is an owl that helps her—I guess the owl is the ghost of her grandmother. One day the cowboys see her. They lasso her when she is in the stream." "Do they bring her back to her step-mother?" I ask. "No. They take her to their camp. I guess she stays with the boys." His mother has a different ending for the story. The boys take her to a show-place and show her off as a wild girl. The song is called "The Mountain Girl."

It is not easy to know who is who in a Polynesian family. There are uncles and aunts in the house, and they seem to have as much authority as father or mother. Children come and stay: there is no way for an outsider to know whether they have been adopted into the family or not. Officially the family I am with is quite a large one; the mother tells me she has given birth to twelve children. There are plenty of children in the Hawaiian family, but the infant mortality is very high—higher among them than it is among any of the other races on the islands. I have a notion that if the Hawaiians made friends with the cow their infant mortality would be lessened, and the race would have a better chance—and I believe it has quite a good chance—of coming back to a place in the world.

Marriage as we understand it—the family as we understand it—is only beginning to emerge among the Polynesian people. The word for "marriage" that one sees over announcements in the Hawaiian papers has been borrowed from the English. There is no clear-cut word for "mother" or "father" in Hawaiian. "Makua" means something like "relation," one adds "wahine" to it, meaning "woman," or

"kane," meaning "male," and one gets the terms for "mother" and "father." The grandfather was as close to the child as the father, the grandmother as the mother, and aunts and uncles were "makua" too. If children were scolded in their parents' house they went to their uncle's or their aunt's and stayed there; they had the right to dip in the poi bowl. Children were always being adopted or given away—the custom still flourishes—and all this went toward making the family life indistinct.

And what of the Hawaiian girls? When they are beautiful it is the beauty of abundance—the swelling bosom, the lustrous hair, the eyes large and dark. And their charm is the charm of softness—softness of curve, of smile, of speech. But there is something stolid about them, and when one sees them in the country places, with their dark faces under the high-crowned, broad-brimmed hat of lau-hala one knows that in Polynesia love could never have been the gay science. Their eyes have their psychic history—eyes large and dark, but un luminous. They are girls who have summer, but no spring.

They are not keen on marrying men of their own race; they marry Chinese, Japanese, Filipinos, Porto Ricans, and, of course, *haoles*, the men of European stock. If the Hawaiians cease to exist as a distinct race in the near future it will be mainly because their women prefer to marry men of other races than their own. They say that the Hawaiians are not good providers, but that may be only a rationalization of some biological urge—the race has been isolated for thousands of years, and it may be that there is a necessity for them to mingle with other peoples.

## National Minorities in Soviet Russia

By LOUIS FISCHER

**T**HERE is one non-Russian in Russia for every Russian.

The non-Russian peoples, for the most part, are inferior in culture and general development to the real Russian, the Great Russian. He is therefore prone to look down upon the racial minorities and to treat them as a ruling nation does its backward colonies—a tendency which aggravates a problem already serious enough. Still further difficulties arise from the circumstance that many of the small nationalities—the Tartars, Georgians, Armenians, and Bashkirs, to mention only a few—are Moslems whose eyes are directed rather to Mecca than to Moscow. Moreover the nationalities are concentrated on their own territories. If in the United States, New York State were 90 per cent Italian, Ohio 90 per cent Jewish, Illinois 90 per cent German, and ten other commonwealths similarly predominantly non-American in blood, the situation would begin to offer a parallel with that which exists in Russia. Not being distributed over wide areas, the non-Russian races are not exposed to assimilation. They have their own languages, customs, traditions, and ideals.

Czarism attempted to solve the problem by applying an aggressive policy of Russification which, very naturally, defeated its purpose and added zest to the anti-Russian movements among the submerged nationalities. Poland was the best case in point.

In a letter written by Lenin from Zurich on April 18, 1917, he stated that if and when the Bolsheviks seized

power "we would immediately free all the nationalities subject to the Great Russians." Before seven months had elapsed Lenin had made his famous trip in a sealed car through Germany, his party had overthrown Kerensky's Provisional Government, and he, weighted with the responsibilities of Soviet Russia's premiership, was in the Kremlin face to face with the problem whose solution he had so readily dashed off in the low-vaulted room of a Swiss cottage. Five days after the reins of government passed into their hands the Bolsheviks accorded each nationality "the right of self-determination even to the extent of secession and the creation of a separate state."

Not all the Communists gave this pronouncement their approval. In January, 1918, at the All-Russian Congress of Soviets, there was a sharp tilt between Bucharin and Lenin. Bucharin, always the guardian as well as the enunciator of pure communist theory, objected to the "bourgeois" war cry of self-determination of nationalities. For the Communist, he argued, only the class, never the nation, exists. He therefore advanced the slogan "Self-Determination for the Working Classes of all Nationalities." But Lenin was the practical statesman and rebuked the theoreticians. Russia's backward peoples of the East, he maintained, possessed no proletariat. They still lived in a patriarchal condition with their sheiks, beys, and mulahs. Now, continued Lenin, if the Soviets fail to grant these nationalities their freedom their anti-Bolshevik ele-



ments would exploit the fact by sowing resentment and revolt against Moscow. Bucharin's internationalism would merely fan the national fires. Lenin's view prevailed.

Hard fact rather than abstract doctrine has always determined the Soviet program toward the nationalities. The result has been a policy of concessions to nationalism which has made a difficult road an easy one and has transformed the nationalities into one of the chief pillars of support of the Bolshevik regime, for, though they, like the peasants, may complain and express dissatisfaction, they realize that no government that might conceivably succeed the present could be more considerate of their desires.

Nor can they entertain any illusions as to the benefits of secession. The White Russian Republic, if it seceded, would in the natural course of events be swallowed up by Poland, and the White Russians, knowing to what restrictions and repressions their fellow-nationals are subjected in Poland, hesitate to supply the morsel. The Ukraine, without Russia's protective prestige would, because of its immense bread resources, become a bone of contention among several European Powers and ultimately fall to the lot of one of them. The Far Eastern (Chita) Republic, were it not for the aid from Moscow which it enjoyed even while nominally unaffiliated with Russia, would be the prey of the Japanese, while Georgia and Azerbaijan, coveted for their oil, and Armenia, all three Mohammedan in faith and semi-Turanian in blood, would either gravitate toward Turkey whose record for ruling subject races leaves much to be desired, or become British colonies on which Royal Dutch and Shell could poach undisturbed.

If, however, one of the national republics were to decide to sever its relations with Russia, the communistic "self-determination even unto secession" experiences a peculiar interpretation. Paraphrased from a statement to me by the assistant Commissar of Nationalities, the interpretation is much to this effect: Each national republic in the Russian union of racial states has of course a communist government. As long as this state remains communist it could not conceivably leave the socialist family of nations; the very idea of the Union to which the governments of all the nationalities are committed is to unite the socialist countries of the world. The will to secede could only arise simultaneously with a will to overthrow the Soviet regime in the particular national republic. The Communists of the national republic would resist the effort to drive them from power. In such a civil war Moscow would feel itself called upon to intervene. In other words, their programmatic "self-determination even unto secession" notwithstanding, the Bolsheviks would never view secession with inactive indifference.

But the individual national republics enjoy large measures of autonomy. Stalin who, since the death of Lenin and the retirement of Trotsky, has become one of the most powerful political personalities in Russia, has as Commissar of Nationalities made it abundantly clear that there must be no blanket laws for the national republics. A decree that fits every requirement in White Russia may be impossible of execution in Dagestan. Thus one commissariat whose task it was to replenish the supply of live stock after its depletion through the famine ordered the distribution of a certain number of hogs in each of the provinces of Russia. But, as Stalin pointed out, there was no use sending pigs to the Kirghiz Republic because the Kirghiz, being Moslems, would neither herd nor eat them. It is Moscow's con-

scious policy to win the good favor of the minorities by vouchsafing them the highest measure of freedom that is compatible with general security and their continued allegiance. Each republic has its full-fledged and independent government manned, as far as possible, by members of its own race. Each republic has its representatives in Moscow; Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, and the Ukraine sent their own delegates to the Genoa Conference, and Georgia and the Ukraine to Lausanne. No effort is spared to gratify the self-pride of the nationalities—at least of the larger ones; their appetite grows with the gratification thereof.

The popularity which the Russian Government enjoys among the racial minorities is augmented by their appreciation of its land policy. Half the peasants of the Union live outside of Great Russia. Among these the Bolsheviks have parceled out the nationalized estates of the crown, the nobles, and the church. In the realm of education the advent of the Soviets has likewise been of benefit to the minorities. Czarism was proverbial for its encouragement of illiteracy among Russians; how much more so among the non-Russian populations which it oppressed. Ninety-seven per cent of the inhabitants of Turkestan are illiterate. In regions removed from the center there were none but crude religious schools, and vast territories were steeped in primitive barbarism. But hundreds of schools have sprung up where before 1917 there were none. Modern methods have superseded the floor-squatting, chorus-shouting system of the mosque school. The Moslems and the Jews have offered mighty, albeit passive, resistance to the Government's prohibition of religious instruction to minors, but many of the Mohammedan schools and almost all the Hebrew have disappeared and been replaced by institutions which instead of teaching only religious subjects teach everything but religious subjects. Pedagogical seminaries have been founded on the territories of the several nationalities, and the University of the Western Minorities in Moscow and Petrograd, the University of the Toilers of the East in Moscow and Tiflis, the Ukrainian University in Kiev, and the White Russian in Minsk are preparing intellectual leaders for the coming generation.

In each republic the language of the majority is, side by side with Russian, the official language. The central authorities in Moscow take pains to encourage the use of the languages of the minorities by establishing special faculties for the study of their grammars, and by the printing of national textbooks. Often more elementary work is necessary, as in the cases of the Chechentsi and Ingushi of the Caucasus, for whose dialects, never before reduced to writing, alphabets had to be invented.

The primitive character of many of these languages and their number—there are several hundred in use—greatly aggravate the difficulties of educational work. In the Dagestan Republic near the Caspian, for instance, there are six fundamental languages and thirty-two dialects. The entire population numbers 798,000. In the neighboring Mountain Republic with 808,000 inhabitants there are two Ossetini schools, and one school each for Persians, Armenians, Tartars, Greeks, Georgians, Jews, Germans, and Poles. Anywhere in the Russian Union a group of people may petition the Government to open a school in which their language will be the language of instruction. A hundred or more nationalities have their own schools in Great Russia; on the other hand the autonomous national

republics maintain schools for persons who are not of their racial stock.

Nor are the difficulties inherent in Russian geography to be lost sight of. The autonomous republic of the Yakuti in northeastern Siberia is seven times the size of France but has a population of only 300,000. Vladivostok on the Pacific is twelve days' ride by express train from Moscow. The republics of Khiva and Bokhara, till very recently the scene of Enver Pasha's activities, are situated in the heart of Asia and remain wild and unsubdued.

The Soviet Government distinguishes between autonomous territories which receive what liberties their civilization warrants, autonomous republics which exercise considerable freedom, and independent republics which are almost entirely self-governing. The independent republics are Great Russia, White Russia, the Ukraine, Azerbaijan, Armenia, Georgia, Khiva, Bokhara, the Far Eastern (Chita) Republic, and Yakut. The autonomous republics are Tartaria, Bashkiria, Kirghizia, Turkestan, Dagestan, Crimea, and the Mountain Republic. The autonomous territories are those of the Voti, Chuvashi, Kalmicki, Buriati, Kabardini, Mari, Zuriani, and the Germans of the Volga.

All these nationalities are now represented in the Soviet of Nationalities which constitutes the upper house of the country's highest legislative and executive body—the Central Executive Committee. This Soviet is an innovation in the governmental structure of Russia and was only made possible by the abolition, in June, 1923, of the 1917 constitution and the adoption of a new one\* by virtue of which Russia as a political entity stretching from Petrograd to Vladivostok ceased to exist and was replaced by the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, thus absolving the independent republics from carrying the name of Russia. The *raison d'être* of the Soviet of Nationalities is much like that of the United States Senate. Just as the Senate with its equal representation was a concession to less-populous States like Rhode Island whose influence in the House of Representatives was necessarily limited, so the Soviet of Nationalities similarly resting on a basis of equal representation was created to satisfy the national republics and territories which had claimed that they were insufficiently represented in the Central Executive Committee. The formation of the Soviet of Nationalities marked the liquidation of the All-Russian Commissariat of Nationalities.

With all the readiness of the Communists to set the republics on a plane with Great Russia they have not yet succeeded in exterminating the Great Russian chauvinism inherited from the days of Czarism. It persists even in their own ranks and certainly among a large number of non-Communist officials in Moscow. Stalin, himself a Georgian, has stated that "these vestiges of Great Russian chauvinism find expression in the haughty and heartless bureaucratic relationship of Russian government employees toward the needs and requirements of the national republics." On the other hand—again it is Stalin who makes the charge—the Communists of the autonomous republics have not yet divested themselves of the hatred toward Russia which they absorbed during the period of Czarist persecution. Nor have even the Communists of the Caucasus shed every trace of Pan-Islamism and Pan-Turanism in which, in prerevolutionary days, they saw the solution of the problems of their oppressed fatherlands. Stalin

further points out that whereas the various republics vociferate against the minutest evidence of Great Russian jingoism, they often sin themselves. Georgia does not treat her own minorities, the Abchazi, Adshari, and Ossetini, as she expects to be treated by Russia. And the same is true of the other independent republics.

There is yet another heritage of the monarchy which the Bolshevik regime now strives to destroy. Czarist Russia looked upon its rich frontier provinces, now the autonomous republics, as spheres to be exploited economically by and for the benefit of Great Russia. But the policy of the Soviets is to encourage domestic industry in the republics. Turkestan and Azerbaijan, for example, are to manufacture their own cotton goods instead of sending the raw material to Moscow.

Seeking the comfort of the minorities has had the effect of reconciling them to Moscow's rule. But the salutary effect does not stop at the Russian boundary. The Ruthenians of Galicia, writhing under the Polish lash, look fondly across the frontier toward their free and independent racial brothers, the Ukrainians. It would be far-fetched to suppose that Galicia will by reason of this circumstance soon become part of an enlarged Ukrainian Soviet republic, but the discontent of the Ruthenians is certainly a factor in Russo-Polish relations. In Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania many people have the feeling that their countries cannot permanently remain politically detached from Russia. The jingoism of the ruling, estate-owning classes has not spent itself, and the effervescent patriotism natural to newborn nations still abounds, but the Russian, Jewish, and German minorities already constitute a nucleus of disaffection, and the peasants are beginning to realize that without losing their political or cultural autonomy they could, by returning to the body of Russia from which the Brest-Litovsk treaty tore them, gain the free use of the large Baltic estates which the Bolsheviks would nationalize. These movements toward reaffiliation, nursed, especially in Latvia, by a strong Communist faction, await, however, an improvement in the economic situation of Soviet Russia.

## Henry Bacon

By ERIC KEBBON

ARCHITECTURE is the most anonymous of the arts. Unlike paintings or sculpture, buildings are unsigned, and the average man is seldom conscious of their creators unless his attention is challenged by the fact that a building is the largest or the highest or the most expensive in the world. The public has little knowledge of the architect as an individual. This fact makes it all the more remarkable that the acclaim of a nation should have been accorded to so modest a person as the late Henry Bacon, whose contributions to the advancement of taste have been as lacking in ostentation as he has himself.

Henry Bacon's career was a record of steady, undeviating loyalty to his ideal of perfection in architecture and his success was due to his character as well as to his love of beauty. He was born at Watseka, Illinois, in 1866, and was educated in that State. After attending the State University for one year, he began his architectural training in an office in Boston. In 1888 he came to New York and while working as a draftsman in the office of McKim, Mead and White, he succeeded in winning the much-coveted

\* Russia's new constitution was published in *The Nation* of August 15, 1923.



Rotch Scholarship entitling him to two years of travel in Greece and Italy. This early study of the monuments of classic art, and of Greek architecture in particular, definitely directed his taste and developed a desire for the simplicity of composition and refinement of detail which appear in all of his later work.

Returning to New York in 1891, he came under the inspiring influence of Charles F. McKim. There must have existed a deep bond of understanding between the two men; their ideals were similar and Bacon received strong encouragement and excellent training under the sympathetic guidance of the older man. During the next twelve years his art broadened. His unerring instinct for making the right choice in his designs and his ability to execute them with feeling were expressed in the modest buildings which he erected in various sections of the country. He appreciated the value of greater coordination between architecture and the sister art of sculpture, and he was invited to collaborate with many eminent sculptors. Collaborating with Augustus St. Gaudens and Daniel Chester French, he provided architectural settings for at least three score monuments by these two men alone. In every case the spirit of the sculptured figure was emphasized by the beauty of the background or base which he provided.

He worked quietly and studiously, never allowing the imperious demands of an overzealous building committee or the impatience of a client to swerve him from the careful consideration of the logical growth of his design and the progress of the finished structure. To perfect his work by ceaseless meditation was his method of achieving the ideals he was striving for. He constantly referred to the ancient monuments of his youthful travels for inspiration and refreshment and revisited again and again the Mediterranean countries for study and contemplation. His enthusiasm for the antique was shared by his brother Francis, who had been engaged in excavating the ruins of the ancient Greek city of Assor in Asia Minor; the uncovering of the hidden temples and bas reliefs of that once flourishing city contributed further to Henry Bacon's intimate knowledge of the perfected art of the fifth century.

His productive work slowly increased until it included bank buildings, university dormitories, libraries, churches, schoolhouses, and all manner of public and private buildings. But the culmination of his art was the great memorial building in honor of Abraham Lincoln in Washington, which was dedicated in the closing year of his life. In this noble structure, the full flowering of his genius is seen. There never was a more profoundly considered design. Its majesty, its refinement, its monumental serenity combine to make it expressive of the reticent and innate idealism of its creator and worthy of the nation's faith in the immortal leader whose memory it perpetuates.

In reviewing the career and work of Henry Bacon, critics may claim that his adherence to the classic tradition removed him from a free expression of a distinctive American architecture. Yet such buildings as he created are produced in no other country today, because everywhere else it appears that architects are straining to achieve something new. Bacon worked in the language of classic art because it appealed to the promptings of his own nature. The continual study and use of its alphabet became so natural to him that he could finally use it with originality, and he has left to us an imperishable heritage of splendid architectural achievement.

## Oil and Irony

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE oil inquiry has come to a stage at which it is making people look simultaneously tragic and ridiculous. What could be more tragic, what could be more ridiculous, than Republican Senators hastening to the White House to ask the President instantly to require the resignation of Attorney General Daugherty?

Here is an Attorney General who throughout Washington has for years been known to be what he is, whatever that may be.

Now a Democratic Senator, Wheeler of Montana, rises in the Senate and shakes his finger in the direction of Mr. Daugherty and charges Mr. Daugherty with having done this and that and with having left this and that undone. He charges these things and believes these things against Mr. Daugherty and promises to prove them. He does not at the time even attempt to prove them. He quite naturally reserves his proofs for the time when he and Mr. Daugherty may be face to face in a committee inquiry room.

Thereupon, with nothing actually known about Mr. Daugherty beyond what had all along been known, Republican Senators are seen to hasten both to the White House and to other points of vantage to equip themselves with levers for prying Mr. Daugherty out of office.

They cannot say that Mr. Daugherty's character and record had been unknown to them until a fledgling Senator from Montana could come forward to enlighten them. They cannot say that Mr. Daugherty's failure to see any war-fraud criminals until they were pointed out to him by Congressman Woodruff of Michigan and Congressman Johnson of South Dakota was news to them. They cannot say that Mr. Daugherty's disposition to drop oil-land cases instead of fighting them through without compromise to a finish was an assertion that had for them any tinge of novelty. They cannot say that Mr. Daugherty's reported or reputed efforts to gain delegates for Warren Gamaliel Harding in the Republican National Convention of 1920 by dickers regarding oil were efforts gossiped in the press gallery of the Senate, but totally unheard and unknown on the Senate floor. Nor can they say that these reported or reputed efforts have ever been proved and established before any tribunal.

The charges against Mr. Daugherty fall absolutely into two classes. One class is of charges known to Washington for a long time. The other class is much smaller. Its existence is unimportant, but is mentioned for the sake of argument and logic. This other class consists of charges which may perhaps be considered new but which never have been proved before any tribunal or by any set of actual facts which would persuade an honest and fair man to call another man guilty.

It happens further that Mr. Daugherty's worst act is not even mentioned in the present proceedings of accusation against him by his enemies and of abandonment of him by the bulk of his party friends. That worst act was the injunction which he secured from a complaisant federal judge in Chicago against the shopcraft railroad strikers in 1922. That injunction was as clear an instance of class warfare and of the employment of the powers of government by one class against another class as was ever ex-



hibited in the history of the republic. With nobody in the United States in any way really suffering from the effects of the strike, with nobody starving, with nobody freezing, with enough trains running to protect the country totally and perfectly against all danger of any real and genuine suffering, Mr. Daugherty went into a federal courtroom in Chicago and persuaded a judge to take jurisdiction over a lot of railroad workers who had struck in order to improve their own working conditions and the financial conditions of their families, and he induced this judge to call all these workers conspirators against the interstate commerce of the United States and to enjoin them and their leaders from the acts necessary to the successful prosecution of their attempt to improve their lot.

This writer sat in that courtroom and saw Judge Wilkerson by every gesture and by every look as well as by his final act make himself not an impartial neutral adjudicator of the litigation between the government and the railroad trade unions, but a nodding, smiling co-conspirator with Attorney General Daugherty to get out a class injunction in the name of the common welfare.

Attorney General Daugherty at that moment helped to lay the foundation of the class resentment and class hatred which speedily showed itself in the subsequent electing of radical senators to office in Washington over the bodies of defeated conservative senators in the Northwest. The railroad trade unions were the fighting core of the radical Northwestern revolt. Attorney General Daugherty did as much as any other one man to make that core a fighting core and to bring to Washington the very Senator—Wheeler of Montana—who now by merely leveling a line of charges at him can make Republican Senators ask the President to put him in the guillotine and separate his shoulders from his head.

That Mr. Daugherty was not making the Department of Justice produce any great harvest of convicted rich criminals: what is there new in that charge—or that fact? That Mr. Daugherty had low friends who were capable of selling their supposed influence with him to alarmed criminals: what is there in that charge to give any experienced Republican in Washington a thrill of surprise?

Meanwhile President Coolidge, having lived in Washington for more than two years as Vice-President and having had every opportunity in Cabinet meetings to make Mr. Daugherty's acquaintance, asked him last summer to remain in the Cabinet under the Coolidge administration.

Perhaps Mr. Daugherty ought to resign. Perhaps it would advantage the Republican Party if he resigned. Perhaps it would advantage President Coolidge if he resigned. Those things may be granted morally and politically. Yet somehow there is something in the affair that goes deeper than politics and deeper—if one may say so—than what customarily passes under the name of morals. That something is unswayed human loyalty to one's own human record. It is fidelity to one's self. It is being a certain thing when it is easy and then being that same thing when it is difficult.

President Coolidge and John T. Adams, chairman of the Republican National Committee, stood for Daugherty when everything important was known about Daugherty and when all Republican Washington stood for him. If they stand for him now, when all the rest of Republican Washington on no new proved facts about Daugherty turns against him, they may be wicked men politically, but humanly they are the best of the lot.

## In the Driftway

**D**URING his varied life the Drifter has been accused of many things: irate young revolutionists have termed him a backward old fool, a rising stock-broker shuns him as a Red, a beautiful waitress once thought he was trying to escape without paying his check, and a farmer in Stacyville Junction, Iowa, almost had the sheriff on him as the criminal who set fire to his barn. Needless to say, none of these things were true and, true or not, none of them caused the Drifter to lose sleep—with the exception of the last. Now, however, an accusation has been leveled at him which gives him pause; and he here and now affirms, to the person from Mt. Vernon who recently wrote a letter to *The Nation*, and to anyone else who may be interested, that he *did not choose the Prize Poem*.

\* \* \* \* \*

**F**OR some weeks before the announcement of the prize winner, the Drifter was at his desk even less than usual; he knew that if he went there sooner or later a harassed editor, pale with sleeplessness and despair, would wander by. "Poems," the editor would murmur in a strained voice, "thousands of poems; short poems, very, very long poems, rhymed poems, very, very free poems. Poems written in pencil on copy-book paper; poems carefully typed on foolscap, tied with blue ribbon, and decorated with holly. Poems about toothpaste, or the spring, or the poet's last wife but one, or the income tax, or washing dishes, or the moon at the full; poems for breakfast, lunch, dinner; poems!" At this point the Drifter would rise, take the poor creature by the hand, and leading him to the water cooler would pour a lily cup of iced water over his fevered brow. Almost always one cup was enough; after it, the poetry reader would grow calm and thank the Drifter for his ministrations. "I've just been reading a few of the prize poems," he would add apologetically and somewhat superfluously, "and it must have upset me a little. So far, you may be interested to know, we haven't found anything quite as good as 'Lycidas.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

**N**O, the Drifter will have nothing to do with the poetry contest; and when it is decided he has trouble enough to escape from the exhausted judges who seek to explain to him just why the Prize Poem was chosen, not to mention those who insist on expounding its meaning. The Drifter, when he is not drifting, likes peace. He likes a desk littered only with newspapers, old magazines, copies of the *Congressional Record*, theater programs, last year's calendars, slips of paper reminding him of important engagements, and similar things which need not be watched too carefully. He likes to read his poems one at a time and by his own choice; he likes to take his iced water internally on rare occasions. The time may come when, out of pity for the readers, he will send in on the first day of the contest a poem written by himself which, at the time of composition some scores of years ago, seemed a real masterpiece, although he has not read it since. Then he can receive the prize without further fuss, and the contest will be over. Till that day he will remain one of the few persons in the United States who combine the virtue of not contributing a poem to the contest with that of not reading the poems that have been contributed.

THE DRIFTER

## Correspondence

## The Sacredness of Private Property

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In connection with the controversy as to Russian recognition, much has been made of Russia's repudiation of her debts. No one of course questions the legal right of a state to repudiate its obligations. Furthermore, an individual cannot sue a sovereign state without its consent. Thus, legally, Russia's position is quite sound. It is, however, argued, with some degree of truth, that a state cannot ethically and morally take advantage of this power.

States, however, as a rule seem to have little concern as to ethics. They act as best suits their interests. Our own history offers plenty of proof of this. Here is a brief résumé of State repudiations of debts:

Arkansas: By constitutional amendment, this State, in 1884, rid itself of obligations to the amount of \$12,000,000.

Alabama: In 1876, the legislature of the State passed funding acts which overlooked \$15,000,000 in debts.

Florida: By legislative acts passed in 1840, 1843, and 1870, debts to the amount of \$8,000,000 were declared void.

Georgia: The constitutional amendment of 1877 declared void millions of dollars' worth of debts incurred before the Civil War and during the Reconstruction Period.

Louisiana: In 1875 repudiated debts amounting to \$14,000,000. This, however, was partly paid by constitutional amendment of 1884.

Mississippi: In 1838 repudiated \$5,000,000. This repudiation was perpetuated by the constitutional amendment of 1875.

Minnesota: The constitutional amendment of 1860 repudiated \$2,000,000. An act of 1881 made settlement on a 50 per cent basis.

Michigan: Repudiated extensive obligations in 1842. Later settlement was made on a basis of 302 per 1,000. No payment was made on large sums held in bonds by European bankers.

North Carolina: After several efforts in repudiation, finally passed the funding bill of 1879, which completely passed over \$13,000,000.

South Carolina: Got rid of troublesome bonds by repudiation in 1879.

Rhode Island: In 1834 and 1847 repudiated registered State bonds and prison-building debts.

Tennessee: After several repudiations, finally settled claims on a 50 per cent basis.

Virginia: After its separation from West Virginia, it maintained that one-third of its debts should be borne by the new State. Disagreement arose as to the proportion, and to date that indebtedness has never been paid. As to the other two-thirds, much confusion arose, particularly so as much of the debt was incurred during the Reconstruction Period. In 1882 the famous Riddleberger Act declared most of this debt null and void. In 1892 settlement was made by issuing of bonds on a basis of 19 to 28.

Maryland, Pennsylvania, and Indiana, as a result of the panic of 1834, repudiated millions of dollars of debts. These were later paid in part. Pennsylvania repudiated several millions held by foreign bond-holders, the debt having been incurred in building a canal that proved a financial loss.

The indebtedness of the several States arose through unwise and hasty improvements, through ill-advised investments in railroads, through corruption of legislatures, through honest investments that circumstances later converted into dead losses, and through the recklessness of the Reconstruction Period. The debts, however, had been legally incurred, and that did not prevent their being legally repudiated.

Whether right or wrong, cannot Russia with an ironic smile point to the precedent we have set?

Washington, D. C., February 22

H. BERMAN

## The Shipping Board's Own Scandal

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: We seem greatly aroused by the oil revelations; but far greater crimes against the American people—far greater betrayal of the people's interests—have been committed by the Shipping Board during the last seven years. The total of the oil loot may reach \$200,000,000, but the total looted from the taxpayers through the Shipping Board is over four billion dollars. Yet nothing has come of it; and those who are responsible for this looting are counted among our most eminent and distinguished citizens, and are singularly honored on every possible occasion and on every possible pretext. The indisputable total of the loot via the Shipping Board route is over four billion dollars; and all the American people have to show for it is a lot of badly built ships that are rusting into complete uselessness, and a few other ships, the total value of all of which, good and bad, will not even equal the interest that the taxpayers must pay *every year* until this debt of four billion dollars has been paid off.

Revelations which constantly come to hand prove over and over what I have repeatedly stated, that the history of the world does not show such colossal looting and squandering of the public moneys as during the period covered by the existence of the Shipping Board. Not one ship built with these billions of dollars was completed in time to be of any use during the war; in fact, with few exceptions, their keels were not even laid until after the war had passed into history; and the statements the Shipping Board and its apologists constantly make, that its enormous and excessive costs were due to the necessity of haste to defeat Germany, are false.

Israel Zangwill, in a recent public address, said our national defect is our "let it slide" attitude. If Zangwill knew the whole story of the American people's indifference to corruption and faithlessness on the part of our public officials, he could write an article that would shake the conscience of America. Perhaps the oil exposures may do that.

New York, February 25

PHILIP MANSON

## A Protest

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I should like to protest against Mr. Seligmann's charge of inaccuracy in his review of Katherine Dreier's "Western Art" in *The Nation* for February 13. He states, for instance, that "she often fails to get her facts about them straight: dadaism, for example, was not, as Miss Dreier says, started by Tzara and taken up by Picabia; it was an off-shoot of Picabia's magazine 391, which in turn had been derived from the American 291 . . ." I happen to know that Miss Dreier's information was received from M. Tzara, M. Picabia, and M. Marcel Duchamp; it could hardly have better authority.

Again he states: "On page 76 she says 'no expression reached us until 1913,' meaning that modern European work was first shown in the Armory Exhibition of that year. On page 123 she contradicts her own statement when she refers to 291, the first gallery to introduce the spirit of modern art in New York. . . ." If Mr. Seligmann had quoted Miss Dreier's statement in full from page 76 others might have understood the meaning of her words more clearly than he did. She says: "We try to hide our ignorance in not understanding this modern art in America, by saying that we will plunge right into it, for no expression reached us until 1913, etc. . . ." She was plainly giving the sentiment of those people who were defending their lack of understanding; the very words "try to hide"—which are the key-note of the sentence—imply inaccuracy.

Mr. Seligmann's claim that the "Nude Descending the Stairs" created only a huge scandal interested me. It seems amazing that a scandal should last for more than ten years, especially when the whole affair revolved around the question whether



or not the painting was a work of art. Though I have met many who frankly admitted that they could not understand this painting, I could count on one hand the number who have derided it.

New York, February 20

BERTHA VAN VOSTROW

## Another Wyoming

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Wyoming—a glimpse of early railroad history, a glance at the cattle business, snatch of dry farming with a mild climax of oil, and adios.

I do not expect to be wholly articulate about this. To enlarge upon the theme of Wyoming on the heels of the "Maverick Citizenry" in your issue of January 16 seems to me somewhat akin to explaining an internal combustion engine to an Eskimo. Perhaps, however, I can skirt the other side of the fence in a manner as brief as that of Mr. Hawes. To this gentleman the people and topography of Wyoming evidently have meant little. I think, off-hand, of that broad, windy country in the vicinity of Arvada; treeless and barren, the home of the sod-house and the coal-pile with here and there a galvanized iron shanty.

The Powder River with its cottonwoods and Indian lore; Thermopolis, where all Wyoming "doctors" (and marvelous are the tales therefrom); the Pitchfork ranch on the broad valley of the upper Greybull with white-faced cattle in clumps of a thousand or two as far as one can see—seventy miles from the railroad here; the Sunshine stage from Meeteese, this last most certainly a community of Vikings or demi-gods and mother of countless intrepid "Meeteese kids" in days gone by: what of these? Nothing, I suppose, but then I think of ranch cooks and chocolate pie, of dried apples and the Irma Hotel in Cody before the drought laid its blight there; of Homeric feats at guzzling the "Yellowstone" that convention prescribed; and most important of all, the great institution of "Solo," a game certainly peculiar to the West.

A word for the mountains—the game country, moose-hide jackets, meadows, streams, grouse, elk tenderloin, the swaying, bobbing backs of a string of pack horses, willow thickets, coyotes, and of course the game with its grunts and coughs as one sleeps under a tarp. I wisely avoid the mountain scenery save for remarking that I like it.

The vernacular I bequeath to Mr. Mencken, and a fine one it is. The people are shrewd, humorous, and hard, men and women alike prematurely aged and grizzled; hospitable and friendly and not at all unworthy inheritors of that fine country. A "province of Standard Oil"? I doubt it.

Omaha, Nebraska, January 17

C. W. MORTON, JR.

## Magazines for Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Many of the workers who returned from service with our child-feeding mission in Germany have told us of the great need existing in that country today for foreign periodicals. Owing to the depreciation of the mark most German individuals and institutions are unable to subscribe to foreign magazines, and the resulting handicap to Germany's knowledge of current thought in other countries is very great.

We have corresponded regarding this matter with Dr. Jürgens, head of the national library committee of the *Notgemeinschaft der Deutschen Wissenschaft*, and he has confirmed the statement that this need is wide-spread. "I should like to say," he writes, "that Germany needs very urgently to get to know America better, but that we cannot now give her such an opportunity owing to lack of means."

Philadelphia, January 1

PUBLICITY SECRETARY,  
American Friends Service Committee,  
20 South 12th Street

## Books

### Some Gallant Rogues

*Highwaymen. A Book of Gallant Rogues.* By Charles J. Finger, with illustrations from wood-blocks by Paul Honore. Robert M. McBride and Company. \$3.

THERE are two ways of approach to this group of picaresque yarns about half a dozen fellows who broke with the law with a swagger and went to death or distinction, or both, with a flourish. The first is to take the book as if it were a new Sabatini and read in succession the tales of Colonel Blood's theft of the crown jewels from the Tower of London in the days of the Stuarts, Jack Sheppard's jail-breaking, Dick Turpin's legendary ride, Claude Duval's gallantry, and Jonathan Wild's vindictiveness; the second is to open the book at the very last chapter, read the original and circumstantial account of one Bill Downer of Tierra del Fuego, and throw the rest of the book away with a regret because the author wrote no other chapters like this last. Whether the last chapter was an afterthought, whether Mr. Charles J. Finger ran out of historic rogues, is not explained in any footnote; suffice it that this tale of a man's battle with fate has the stamp of authenticity that is lacking in the older narratives.

For the exploits of the seventeenth-century rogues have been chanted in ballads and celebrated in fable and romance so often that only an iconoclast can ring new changes on the theme. Mr. Finger is hardly one to destroy a legend that has been repeated for generations by men with gleaming eyes as they beguile the hours over their cups in ale-houses; he smacks his lips as his heroes issue forth, he drinks with them as they quaff their ale and porter, he is one of the mob that cheers them as they climb over the housetops, he joins in the hisses that greet the executioner at Tyburn. Even when he denounces one of them, when he calls Jonathan Wild "a blood-sucking, loathsome creature, a parasite that thrived on parasites," he is true to the viewpoint of the people, who cursed Wild as a "double-crosser." From the days of Daniel Defoe, who was a contemporary of Jack Sheppard and is said to have obtained a personal statement from him on the day of his execution, down to those of Scott and William Harrison Ainsworth, who wrote romantic tales in early Victorian times, writers have used these themes. In the course of two centuries they have been generously embroidered, and heroes and martyrs have been made of men like Dick Turpin, who began his career as a cattle thief, and Colonel Thomas Blood, who today would find his counterpart in the leader of a gang of partisan sluggers. Were it not for court records and legal documents still extant Mr. Finger's crew of rogues might even end up with memorial plaques in Westminster Abbey as liberators of the people from the tyranny of the rich.

But the chronicle often confutes the legend. Mr. Finger would have Colonel Blood capture the Duke of Ormond [Ormonde], lord lieutenant of Ireland, in St. James Street, drag him to the scaffold, and leave him lying there with a hangman's rope around his neck, after having robbed him of a ring as a talisman. The documents seem to agree that Ormonde overcame his captors before the humiliation was accomplished; the incident was widely known, for James Butler, first Duke of Ormonde, was "a man of Plato's grand nobility" and one of those responsible for the restoration of Charles II. Mr. Finger likes to think, likewise, that Charles pardoned Blood for his theft of the crown jewels because he admired his bravery, and even restored to him the Irish estates that had been given Blood for his services under Henry Cromwell, but it is much more likely that the whole incident is legendary and that good political sense brought about the reconciliation, for Blood was a partisan of Buckingham and reputed to be the head of one hundred oath-bound men who had sworn to "get" Charles. Dick Turpin as an historical character becomes almost as dim a figure as



King Arthur; his ride from London to York is now regarded as one of those stories that ought to have happened but didn't, and Ainsworth is credited with adding vastly to Turpin's reputation in his novel "Rookwood," published in 1834. But what boots all this attempt to take the solid ground away from under fanciful figures? Mr. Finger loves the old romantic tales, and so do his readers, just as they love Jesse James, Al Jennings, Villa, the Lone Train Robber, and others that move in an atmosphere of romantic adventure.

But the tale of Bill Downer is of a different sort. In his disregard of the law he was the kin of the old English highwaymen, but he loved humankind much better than they ever did. Mr. Finger tells this story in the first person, and we wonder in how far the squire of Fayetteville, Arkansas, now calmly surveying his acres planted to fodder and grain, took part in the adventure. Downer and the author went down to "Tierra del" upon receiving word of a gold strike. Their first contact with the law came when the agents of a concessionary destroyed their boxes for washing gravel and their tools. Bill Downer took to the road and soon he was heard of as a horse stealer. In the course of his adventures come two fine episodes. The first occurs when Downer meets the Argentine concessionary, Ropper, astride a mare that he covets. Downer's gun proves no match for the smooth drawl of the unarmed Argentine, and in the end Downer enters the employ of Ropper. But not for long. The second episode of importance occurs after Downer has been captured by a band of six and put in a boat to be rowed to the mainland. A storm breaks and Downer assumes command, bidding the men row in the teeth of the gale, urging them on in a strange jargon of English and Spanish and resorting to blows when all else fails. The story of their fight for life, first in the open boat, then across the cold Antarctic rocks, is in Mr. Finger's best manner, and Downer comes out of it not an outlaw but a Titan. His moralizing sounds unreal: "A man ought to prove himself by the punishment he can take, and that's a fact." But his simple comment after the big battle is much more human and probable: "All I want is a good night's sleep and something hot to drink. And I got to get a horse somehow in the morning. Things has been too hot lately." One feels that life was lived with much more intensity and disregard of man-made laws on Tierra del Fuego than on the roads that led from Huntingdon and Epping Forest to London town.

HARRY HANSEN

## The True Function of History

*The Life and Reign of Edward IV.* By Cora L. Scofield. Longmans, Green and Company. Two vols. \$16.

DR. SCOFIELD has long been known to historians as the author of an excellent treatise on the Star Chamber. In this work she has attempted to survey a complex period in English history, and to narrate from every angle the record of twenty years. She has pursued her task with unwearying energy. The Record Office and the British Museum, the London Guildhall and the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the mass of manuscripts these collections contain have been devotedly searched for new material. No one, it may confidently be said, has ever written the history of a period with a greater knowledge of the facts it contains.

Yet I confess to a feeling of disappointment. Dr. Scofield has ample learning and the merit of a clear and dignified style. She is content, however, simply to write the annals of her period. She has done that, probably, as well and as efficiently as it could be done. But she has avoided altogether the interpretation of her material. She does not inquire into the meaning of the facts. She does not weigh character, estimate institutions, judge the significance of the changes she records. Edward IV, she thinks, was eager, when he came to the throne, to secure the proper administration of the law; as time proceeded that desire passed away, and trials like that of Burdett, Stacy,

and Blake in 1477 show how he was, at the end, willing to pervert justice to his private purposes. But why did the change occur? Was it an inherent weakness in Edward's character, which could pursue no scheme to its end? Was it inevitable that a man brought up in a period of civil war should be careless of right and justice? Dr. Scofield does not tell us. Was Tiptoft's introduction of torture into judicial procedure the result of his Italian tour? Was his management of his parliaments, his skilful use of his popularity, his influence upon the elections, the model upon which the Tudors later founded their popular despotism? What was the condition of the people in this period? Did Edward's cultivation of foreign ships do harm to the native industry? We would have sacrificed much detail of foreign diplomacy for answers to problems like these.

Dr. Scofield knows so much and has taken such pains that she must expect to be judged by the highest standards. Her book will be indispensable to anyone who seeks the actual details of these years in chronological sequence. It is not a book which provokes reflection in the reader, which compels the adjustment of perspective. There are innumerable new details added; there is nothing which suggests the revision of accepted judgments. There is, of course, acute difference of opinion upon the function of the historian. But, at the least, anyone who has spent long years on the critical study of an epoch owes us an analysis of its import. Facts do not speak for themselves. They have to be weighed and measured. The quality of the great historian is, I think, best revealed by his ability to make the facts, so weighed and so measured, reveal a system of ideas. The narrative of incidents is interesting; as well written as Dr. Scofield writes it, it is even possessed of fascination. But it lacks proportion and emphasis simply because, refusing to judge, it regards all incidents as free and equal. That is to desert the true function of history.

HAROLD J. LASKI

## India

*India in Ferment.* By Claude H. Van Tyne. D. Appleton and Company. \$2.

*A History of Hindu Political Theories.* By U. Ghosal. Oxford University Press. \$5.50.

A WELL-INTENTIONED gentleman who is well versed in American history goes to India on a trip of a few months in order to learn something on the spot about Indian conditions. The result is a book which is rather the textbook of a self-conscious scholar than the notebook of a modest student of Indian affairs. But although Mr. Van Tyne knows American history and more particularly the history of the American war of independence, he applies his special knowledge to the events in India by condemning in a rather sweeping manner the native non-cooperative movement for independence.

One finds every indication in the book that the author enjoyed his trip to India. Naturally, the British officials who met him on his landing were nice to him. So were their Hindu opponents. Being anxious to win for their cause an influential American scientist each faction displayed for him its best qualities. He was the guest of honor at numerous dinners given by British officials, and he was visited by several delegations of Hindus garbed in their most picturesque apparel. Seeing around him well-fed colonial officialdom and gorgeous gala native costumes which apparently fascinated him, the author was more than inclined, despite his initial good-will, to relegate the case of the starving pariahs to the background, as being of secondary importance, and to be guided by a somewhat hazy optimism.

Despite all his arguments to the contrary, one gains the impression from this book that Mr. Van Tyne does not sufficiently realize the seriousness of the Indian situation. The months he has spent in India were too wonderful to leave him in doubt that ultimately things will be straightened out—provided agitators do not interfere. This complacency leads him to

acquiesce in some acts of the rulers of India for which even conservative critics cannot find extenuation. Undoubtedly, the designation of the massacre of Amritsar as only a "blunder," though qualified by the adjective "ghastly," cannot be excused, if one bears in mind that many an act of self-defense on the part of the followers of Gandhi is censured by Mr. Van Tyne with words which are considerably stronger than those applied to the Amritsar affair.

The main contention of the author is that India is not ripe for the "swaraj" (self-rule) because the Indians, in general, are on a very low level of civilization. They must first obtain a thorough political education before they can be permitted to take full command of their own affairs. The Government of India Act is a commendable instrument in the preparation of the Indians for a restricted self-government. Should the English leave at the present time chaos would be inevitable. The Afghans would break into the country and the native princes would embark upon a series of predatory wars. As things are now India "will in time rule herself but will remain one of the self-governing countries of the British Commonwealth of Nations."

However prejudiced the author may be in many respects, he brings up some points which it is well not to forget. What he says about the caste system, the treatment of the "untouchables," and the relation of the religions on the Indian peninsula can be indorsed without hesitation by every true friend of India.

That there is no historical foundation for the belief that caste has been the dominant form of social disintegration of the Indians ever since they appeared on the stage of history is refuted in Mr. Ghosal's able volume. The book is for the most part technical and covers the development of Hindu political theories from the earliest times to the first quarter of the seventeenth century, when the classical period of Hindu political literature ends. A considerable part of the book is devoted to the Dharmasutras and the Hindu conception of law as a derivative of the divine will. The chapters dealing with the Mahabharata lay special emphasis on the development of the principle of authority and more particularly the evolution of the king idea. A few illuminating paragraphs treat the subject of the origin of the king's office and compare the Mahabharata's interpretation with the Hobbesian conception of social contract as the basis of the king's power. Early indications of Machiavellianism in the Hindu scriptures and a treatise on the right of tyrannicide give coloring to a chapter which without them would be too technical. The volume also seems to bear out the theory advocated by Mr. Van Tyne that the religious, as well as the caste system of the Hindu, is built up in such a way as to insure for the Brahmins an undisputed supremacy not only over the subject classes but also over the so-called secular rulers.

The logical conclusion, therefore, seems to be that once the power of the Brahmana order is broken, the caste system, one of the gravest inherent ills of India, will atrophy, lacking the conditions which permitted it to ripen into full bloom.

EMIL LENGYEL

## The Right to a Home

*Housing Progress in Western Europe: 1923.* By Edith Elmer Wood. E. P. Dutton and Company. \$3.

WITH vivid word pictures and illustrations Mrs. Wood describes the thousands upon thousands of new homes that are being built in Great Britain, Holland, Belgium, Italy, and France. In an appendix she adds more recent notes on Spain, Switzerland, and Portugal. Had she wished further to drive home the splendid efforts of still other countries, she might have included Scandinavia, Germany, and Austria. For in the depleted central nations as well as in their more prosperous northern and western neighbors, I have seen heroic efforts being made to meet the need for wholesome homes for the people. Europeans have determined to remove housing from the laissez

faire commercial policy of supply and demand. They have accepted it as a necessary public function like schools, roads, water supply, and sanitation. Homes worth working for, and if need be worth fighting for, people of the present generation are going to have: and European politicians know it. If the taxpayers set up a howl that the government cannot afford to subsidize building, the answer is: "Economies in the public budget may be necessary, but we insist that the place for economy is not in homes for our families."

There are two schools of thought with regard to housing in Europe today. There are those who advocate state and municipal action and those who prefer the methods of voluntary cooperative societies. Both are producing solid results.

Government-housing advocates point with satisfaction to achievements in Great Britain and Holland. Its detractors insist that government housing is unduly expensive; that it gets all mixed up with pull, politics, and red tape—as it does. Nevertheless, we must admit that more houses get built that way. It is a fact that despite the wrangling and obstructionism of politicians one new dwelling has been erected for every thirty-four British families; and one for every thirteen Dutch families. The Dutch Government recognizes the sturdy individualism of its people and carries through its plans with a minimum of national machinery and centralization. The British authorities, without consultation or consent, condemn property by the wholesale, tear it down, and set up in place of slums cottages in a garden.

Voluntary cooperation plays a larger part in Belgium, France, and Italy. (In Scandinavia and Central Europe, too, had Mrs. Wood observed housing there.) Under normal conditions the people who occupy the cooperative homes are responsible for them from beginning to end. There is no bureaucratic interference by the state. But self-help, alas, cannot entirely go it alone in these days of fluctuating values. Cooperators are forced to obtain loans from the government, or from friendly private corporations, or from cooperative credit institutions to add to their own scanty resources. Yet it proves the worth of man that despite these discouragements, vast housing schemes are being carried through. In Belgium, 75,000 of the 80,000 houses wiped out in whole or in part by the war have been rebuilt. And in the province of Venetia, which suffered more than any other Italian province, of the 160,000 dwellings that were destroyed, 120,000, better in every respect, have risen anew.

Whether government housing or cooperative housing proves to be the wiser and more enduring policy remains to be seen. Mrs. Wood in her passionate desire to get all the people swiftly and decently, even beautifully, housed leans toward the more powerful apparatus of the state. I admit I prefer the cooperative method. The self-respect, the independence, and the loving care that go with the responsibility for one's own house and garden appeal strongly to me. The cooperative way works a little more slowly, yet in the end, I believe, more surely.

Public opinion on housing questions in Europe is at least a generation ahead of ours in the United States. Europeans find it hard to believe that we are discussing points that they settled forty years ago. Mrs. Wood says:

During the past year I have made a point of seeing the worst houses that remain in London and Paris as well as in Belgian and Dutch cities. And I can assure my fellow countrymen that I have nowhere seen homes even remotely comparable to the ten thousand old-law tenements in lower Manhattan; nor have I seen any layout as bad as that of the North End of Boston. The people of Europe have undertaken national housing schemes not because their need is greater than ours but because they are more convinced than we are of the importance of good housing in the making of good citizens.

The time is ripe for such a book as this to rouse us from our indifference and ignorance. It is replete with information: how to keep up housing standards; how to keep down costs;



the best designs and layouts for garden cities; the most model architectural plans for buildings providing for light, air, sanitation, and, not to be neglected, beauty; the respective merits of public or private control and management; the advantages of the cottage in a garden over apartments for family life; even the arguments for and against bath-tubs and showers, the advantages which sewers have over septic tanks.

There is information, too, about housing laws, constructive and restrictive in various countries; information on the borrowing power and credit policies of housing societies; on government subsidies and loans.

But after all, valuable as this information is, in this country we need more than a knowledge of the mechanics of housing. We need to know what kind of lives the people live in the homes that Mrs. Wood describes. In America we have resources, we have able architects, we have city planners, we have skilled artisans, and we can have laws, whenever we want them passed. What we need is the vision and the will.

When once the American people resolve that human values are above property values, we, too, can have the right kind of homes and the right kind of lives for our children.

AGNES DYER WARBASSE

## Life's Undergraduates

*Wife of the Centaur.* By Cyril Hume. George H. Doran and Company. \$2.50.

AT the very threshold of Mr. Hume's vivid first novel one encounters a scene which—both in externals and in treatment—bears a significant resemblance to the opening pages of Michael Sadleir's "Privilege." This, in itself, would call for no comment. Mr. Hume may never have read "Privilege," and yet the more deeply one goes into his narrative the more impressive is this young American's intellectual kinship with the British novelist. Mr. Sadleir has described his own style as "a fastidious and purposely rhythmic prose"; his novel, he says, was "written up" to the high level of its own emotionalism. Both these phrases fit Mr. Hume as though they were made for him. "Wife of the Centaur" has manifestly been wrought in the desire to make fiction a more plastic form, modeled more closely to the complex forms of modern living and responsive to them. Even though the result is not as brilliant as the conception, the value of such pioneering work calls for emphasis.

Cyril Hume's mood runs the gamut from an irony which is sharpened with cynicism to a poetic quality which sometimes grows unnecessarily rhapsodic. That initial scene, with the mourning family gathered about an open grave and Jeffrey thinking his detached thoughts, stamps Hume as a writer of lean, high-strung narrative. Jeffrey watched the priest "with his cassock blowing between his thin legs and molding his unhealthy corpulence."

He looked tired and Jeffrey wondered if custom had made him quite used to scenes like this . . . After all it was an ordinary thing, dying. You stopped, and lay still with something gone out of you. Then the undertakers came, walking silently on their rubber heels, and did things to you behind shut doors; when your family saw you again you were quite different and a little disgusting.

There are no lazy loose-ends and no stodgy passages in this story. At times the thread has been spun too fine; Mr. Hume has worked some of his embroidery on cheap fabric.

There is no sorrier figure, says the author, than the professional college man;

the unhonored middle-aged boy who is surprised and hurt that his classmates have forgotten his past glory and treat him with abstract kindness or contemptuous carelessness. For they have gone far beyond him, and he has remained, for all his years, a bewildered undergraduate among his elders.

But there is another figure, just as pathetic, and that is the

sophisticated puppet—the worldly wise youth who reaches majority without maturity and faces life as if it were a co-ed prom. Mr. Hume has sought to build a novel around such people as this, and they haven't helped him much. While they remain "innocent, star-eyed creatures," they live upon his pages, but when they grow up into the flip, dancing, drinking crowd beloved by F. Scott Fitzgerald, they fade perceptibly, and not all his brilliant talk and counterfeit of passion in their behalf will save them. His characters, one feels, are not big enough for the story he has placed them in; they remain undergraduates in the serious business of life. Before they reach the flapper age, one can believe in them, for the author has been extraordinarily adept in sounding their emotions and tracing their relationships.

On the whole, a first novel of wit and high promise, written by a man who has now given proof of his sound technical equipment. His next—if it lays hold of materials capable of a greater measure of sound development—should mark a genuine advance.

LISLE BELL

## Notice

Mr. Geoffrey Bret Harte, grandson of Bret Harte, the story-writer and novelist, is planning to collect Bret Harte's letters for publication. He wishes to be put in touch with persons in possession of Bret Harte letters who will be good enough to lend them to him for copying and publication. The greatest care will be taken of all letters, and they will be copied and returned at the earliest possible moment. Mr. Geoffrey Bret Harte may be addressed

c/o Farmers' Loan & Trust Company  
16 William Street  
New York, N. Y.

## Books in Brief

*Essays of a Biologist.* By Julian Huxley. Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

Biology, as Mr. Huxley says, is more closely related to humanism than the other sciences because "whereas the extension of control in physics and chemistry led to a multiplication of the number of things which a man could do and experience, the extension of control in biology will mean *inter alia* an alteration of the modes of man's experience itself." His essays on such subjects as Progress, Biological and Other, and Rationalism and the Idea of God are not brilliant but they are sensible and they are interesting as giving the ideas of a professional investigator upon the relations of science and life—ideas which the lay reader generally gets only at second hand through his novels and sociology. And such a lay reader, if he has got his opinions from Mr. Wells for instance, will be relieved to find that a scientist's conception of the necessity for conscious evolution and of God as a function of humanity are not very different from the romancer's. On the whole, and in spite of the opinion of the author, those essays in which he sticks closest to the facts of recent biological investigation will probably be the freshest and most interesting to the average reader.

*Pictorial Beauty on the Screen.* By Victor O. Freeburg. The Macmillan Company. \$2.50.

This book is a valiant attempt to bridge the gap between De Mille and Millet. The author holds that the motion picture can aspire to aesthetic consideration, if the directors will fix their attention upon what passes before the lens of the camera and reject all that is not pictorially satisfying. It is his belief that people would be attracted to the theater by an album, although one who has observed their apathy toward scenic films is inclined to doubt it.



*A King's Daughter. A Tragedy in Verse.* By John Masefield. The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

Having adapted Racine's "Esther" in an earlier volume, Mr. Masefield now writes a Hebrew tragedy of his own. The heroine is Jezebel, and the story is a good one, like many others in the Old Testament which await the dramatist. Mr. Masefield's verse, as always lately, is loose and feebly emphatic; but he has done all, perhaps, that he intended to do—written an actable and exciting play.

*Harry.* By Neith Boyce. Thomas Seltzer. \$2.

The spirit which pervades this memorial—a tribute of a modern mother to her son—would have baffled the readers of a previous generation. There is a detachment in the viewpoint of the book which would have puzzled one's grandmother—and yet the current of sympathy is none the less authentic for all that. Harry has been understood in terms of his own age; it is perhaps significant that he was of an age in which mothers may approach their children by some path other than the maternal. The book is essentially a reflection of life—a picture of the modern family done with feeling and a by no means common degree of artistry.

## Jazz and "The Rhapsody in Blue"

By HENRIETTA STRAUS

MR. PAUL WHITEMAN and his Palais Royal Orchestra gave a concert recently in Aeolian Hall to show the development of jazz. The orchestra had been increased, for the occasion, from fourteen to twenty-two members, most of whom, it is interesting to note, like Mr. Whiteman himself, were of legitimate symphonic experience. As for the concert, it was, according to their leader, "a purely educational experiment." But he might have added that as an educational experiment it was revolutionary and successful beyond the wildest dreams of educators. For the public is not usually moved to enthusiasm at the thought of being educated; yet he could have sold out his house three times over to those who were willing to learn. Moreover, music, from an educational standpoint, is not entirely a democratizing force, for there will always be the ultimate mental division of the "high-brow" from the "low-brow." Yet here one had the unique experience of being shoved into a concert hall by a cabaret player from Fourteenth Street, and of being shoved out again by some smug musician from the studio, his smugness for once demoralized by the naked allurements of rhythm. As for the auditorium itself, equality reigned from the back drop to the back row, from the stage, where frying pans, saxophones, and "wah-wahs" hobnobbed with violins, clarinets, and grand pianos to the audience, where Broadway rubbed shoulders fraternally with the classicists. And it may as well be admitted now that the day was to Broadway, and the education to the classicist. For, to the former, there was probably nothing strange in the Oriental decorations of the stage, the exotic coloring of the music, the disheveled-looking instruments lying about in an informal, detached way, the swaying bodies of the players as they beat time with their feet, and the nervous power of the leader, with his shimmying right leg. And above all, there was nothing unfamiliar in the spectacle of an American boy playing with extraordinary ease an original composition of terrific rhythmical difficulty and of individual power and beauty, and winning immediate recognition for his achievement. But to the musician trained in other schools there was something very new and exciting and moving in this utter abandonment of all emotional reserve. And there was also, perhaps, a secret and overwhelming realization that he had been caught napping, that a distinctive and well-developed art having obvious kinship with the world-thought of today had grown up, unheeded, under his very ears while he had been straining

his auditory nerves to catch the echoes of sound three thousand miles away.

The question still remains, however, What is jazz? Mr. Whiteman himself confesses that he does not know, that what we call jazz today is jazz in name only. He divides it into four phases. These are, if I remember rightly, the six instrument noise of ten or twelve years ago attained mainly by kitchen utensils which he calls the "true jazz," the "blues," or Negro element, usually slower in tempo, the adaptation of themes from the classics to dance rhythms, and the "modern orchestra," and the evolution from instrumental improvisation to definite orchestral scoring. At his concert he began with "The Livery Stable Blues," a piece of Hogarthian humor as legitimate and vivid in expression as the more classical Till Eulenspiegel with his thumb ever to his nose. Then followed various comic strips, of which the best were done by Zee Confrey at the piano. There were, also, of course, various kinds of modern "blues," besides a jazz fantasy on the "Volga Boat Song," symphonic arrangements of popular tunes including the, what is now, historic "Alexander's Rag-time Band," "modern" orchestral arrangements of semi-classical melodies, like MacDowell's "To a Wild Rose," four beautifully orchestrated serenades by Victor Herbert, a fair amount of trash, George Gershwin's remarkable piano "Rhapsody in Blue," which the composer himself played with a "modern" orchestral accompaniment, and a purely symphonic number now no longer, thank Heaven, played in the concert halls, Elgar's "Pomp and Circumstance."

It was, on the whole, a curious orgy of unrestrained laughter and tears, in which East and West met and merged with strange, half-caste results. There were, for instance, sustained, drawn-out Slavic effects in melodic passages of pure, Anglo-Saxon bathos. Perverted brassy and winds depicted, in subtle and intoxicating colors, humor of the slap-stick variety. Aphrodisiacal rhythms alternated with those of the ordinary dance. And in "The Rhapsody in Blue," which takes its title from the Negro phase of jazz, one heard a dialogue between American slang and expressions as elemental as the soil. This work was indeed an extraordinary concoction gathered together during the month preceding its performance. It began with a braying, impudent, laughing cadenza on clarinet and ended with its initial motive, a broad and passionate theme worthy of a Tchaikovsky. In between were orchestral interludes as fantastic and barbaric as any of a Rimsky-Korsakoff or Stravinsky, and piano passages whose intricate and subtle rhythms might have been danced in the rites of Astarte. The form was haphazard, and the playing often ineffectual, but its substance marked a new era.

With it all one cannot but wonder whether this now Slavic, now Oriental element in jazz is not due to the fact that many of those who write, orchestrate, and play it are of Russian-Jewish extraction; whether, in fact, jazz, with its elements of the Russian, the Negro, and the native American is not that first distinctive musical phase of the melting-pot for which we have been waiting so long and which seems to have such endless possibilities. Certainly, Mr. Whiteman and Mr. Gershwin have, in the meantime, added a new chapter to our musical history.

## Drama Cross-Section

SOME years ago, writing on this page, I divided the pabulum of the popular theater into sentimental comedy and melodrama. Slowly, since then, if one reckons from month to month; rapidly, if one thinks in terms of years, things have changed. The melodrama is as good as dead. Even as "Bertha, the Sewing Machine Girl" and her many sisters of hair-breadth escapes and much-enduring virtue passed into forgetfulness, so have passed or are passing "The Woman in Room 13" and all her

family of crooks and kept women and "snow-birds" and detectives. Crime, pursuit, and pseudo-lynchings are almost gone and will soon be forgotten. I shall not become fatuous and say that the world is getting better. But the world of the theater is certainly a more tolerable one.

Sentimental comedy is still going strong, very strong. The plays with the longest runs now holding the local stage are two of the worst and most slushy plays in the world: "Abie's Irish Rose" and "The Seventh Heaven." Both are inconceivably false and silly. But it is not, I insist, without significance, that the play enjoying the third longest run is "Rain." Next, by this test of endurance, comes "Sun-Up," and next but one, "Tarnish." Things have changed.

This change would not reveal itself to the superficial observer from either Mars or Vienna. Historic perspective is needed. The manner in which "Sun-Up" breaks down and retracts all its assumptions in the last act is shoddy and shameless enough. Yet what worlds lie between "Sun-Up" and "East Is West"! "Sun-Up" and "The Shame Woman" together hardly make one sound realistic folk-play. But the simultaneous run of these two works by one author symbolizes something of the change from that historic season when "East Is West" and "The Woman in Room 13" simultaneously made life unsafe on Broadway, while the same author's "Friendly Enemies" made Chicago safe for democracy.

What has happened? The same thing, in a measure, that has happened to our fictional literature. The eye has met the object. In a measure only. The drama, as must always be remembered, appeals to groups, not to individuals singly, and thus suffers from the crowd's falling below the standards of the individuals who compose it. But the process is strictly the same. Even in the theater people are beginning to take some pleasure in seeing men and things, if not events, somewhat as they are in their real nature, and the new sentimental comedies, comedies and sentimental still, all betray some touch of happy observation, some obligation to truth, some attempt, however feeble, to reflect.

All this is manifestly true in a considerable measure of the two plays by Miss Volmer that I have named. It is true of Mr. Hatcher Hughes's excellent "Hell-Bent fer Heaven." But it is also true of "Meet the Wife," "The Potters," "Neighbors," "The Song and Dance Man," "Mister Pitt," "The Show-Off," "The Goose Hangs High," "The New Englander," "New Toys." None of these plays reaches the level attained now and then by the best of our new realists, by Arthur Richman, Gilbert Emery, Lewis Beach. There is no American play this season as fine as "Ambush" or "A Square Peg." The point is that all the plays that I have somewhat casually grouped together are different from any similar group that one might have assembled several seasons ago by virtue of the essential qualities that separate literature from mere trade-goods and the drama from mere theatrical fodder. Chief of these qualities are an aspiration at least after honesty, soundness of characterization though not yet of fable, an interpretation of things on the basis of their real nature. Our theater aspires even higher. "The Adding Machine" and "Beggar on Horseback" leap beyond observation, which both include, to social and even philosophic satire. I admire and enjoy these works immensely. But the honest effort after realism in many plays of an average quality seems to me to be the most promising sign in the development of our drama.

The reason is obvious. A school of writers accustoms and trains the public, some small public, at least, to accept certain methods and moods. Thus was the way prepared for Shakespeare, thus by the French realists for Ibsen, thus by an entire revolution in literature for Hauptmann. Our literature is in revolution; the movement is at last touching the mass of our dramatic production. Prophecy is foolish. But the prognosis for the contemporary American drama is more favorable than any conscientious observer of three years ago would have held to be possible.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

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# International Relations Section

## Compromise or Republicanism in India?

By TARAKNATH DAS

**I**N spite of the imprisonment of Mahatma Gandhi and the adoption of repressive measures by which many responsible Indian leaders are being put in jail without trial, opinion in the Indian Nationalist movement seems to be veering toward the idea of complete independence. This is quite clear from the study of the proceedings of the All India National Congress held at Coconada during the Christmas week, 1923. Problems such as the status of Indians in the British Empire and Hindu-Moslem unity were discussed, and many resolutions were adopted. But the most important feature of the deliberations was that the National Congress, although it followed the ideas of Mahatma Gandhi to the extent of boycotting the present legislative councils, unanimously approved a compromise resolution upholding the tactics of the Swarajists led by Mr. C. R. Das of Calcutta, who refused to accept the position of Minister of the "transferred subjects" of the province of Bengal offered by Lord Lytton, the Governor. The compromise resolution was moved by Mr. Rajagopalachari, leader of the orthodox wing of the Gandhites, popularly known as the No-changers.

This Congress reaffirms the non-cooperation resolutions adopted at Calcutta, Nagpur, Ahmedabad, Gaya, and Delhi. Since doubts have been raised by reason of the non-cooperation resolution adopted at Delhi with regard to Council-entry whether there has been any change in the policy of the Congress regarding the Triple Boycott, this Congress affirms that the principle and policy of that boycott remain unaltered. This Congress further declares that the said principle and policy form the foundation of constructive work and appeals to the nation to carry out the program of constructive work as adopted at Bardoli and prepare for the adoption of civil disobedience. This Congress calls upon every provincial congress committee to take immediate steps in this behalf with a view to the speedy attainment of our goal.

Adoption of this compromise resolution by the Congress means indorsement of Parnellite tactics of obstruction of the Government after entering the councils. The tactics of the Swarajists who are intrusted to carry out this policy are described in the following resolution adopted by the general council of the Swarajya Party:

Whereas the reforms introduced by the Government of India Act of 1919 have repeatedly been pronounced by the Indian National Congress and all shades of Indian public opinion to be inadequate and unsatisfactory;

And whereas the events of the last three years and the working of the legislatures inaugurated under the said act during that period have amply justified Indian public opinion and shown beyond all doubt that the said legislatures are not only utterly powerless to protect the various interests of the Indian people and to secure to them the most elementary rights of citizenship but are entirely unable to defend them from national humiliation at home and abroad;

And whereas the Swarajya Party of the Indian National Congress, by its program adopted in 1923, laid down certain lines of political work, including entry into the said legislatures having for its immediate objective the securing of the right to form a constitution adopting such system and machinery as are most

suited to the conditions of the country and to the genius of the people;

And whereas in pursuance of the said program the Swarajya Party has succeeded in winning a substantial number of seats in the said legislatures at the general election, the council of the Swarajya Party held at Coconada on December 30 expresses its full agreement with the resolutions passed at the several sessions of the Indian National Congress to the effect that India is fully fit for Swarajya, that there is no justification for withholding it from the Indian people any longer, and demanding that steps be forthwith taken to establish full responsible government in India, and that with a view to insuring a proper atmosphere for the said purpose the following preliminary measures be adopted:

1. That the elected members of the central and provincial legislatures promptly present a demand to the Government asking for (a) the immediate and unconditional release of Mahatma Gandhi, (b) the immediate and unconditional release of all other political prisoners convicted or under trial, or persons detained on political grounds in India or foreign countries, (c) the immediate summoning of a Round Table conference of representatives of whom one-third shall be elected by the elected members of the Indian Legislative Assembly, one-third by the Indian National Congress, and one-third shall be nominated by the Government or elected by such other bodies or communities as the Government may desire, (d) suspension of the operation of all repressive laws or orders passed thereunder.

2. This conference shall negotiate with the Government with a view to determine the principles of the constitution for India which shall provide *inter alia* (a) for a declaration of rights on the lines of the resolution adopted by the Indian National Congress at Amritsar in 1919, (b) for full control by the legislatures, central and provincial, of all matters of legislation, administration (civil and military), finance, and the various services central or provincial as the case may be, (c) the decision of the conference arrived at, a result of the said negotiations will then be laid before a new legislature elected on a wider franchise than at present, to be determined by the said Round Table conference, and the said legislature shall have power to frame a constitution for India on the basis of the said decision, and the constitution shall then be presented to the Imperial Parliament to be ratified and embodied in a statutory enactment.

The Swarajya Party council met again and passed the following resolutions:

The leader of the Swarajya Party in the Legislative Assembly shall interpellate the Government as to what step it proposes to take on the demand to be presented by the 25th of January. In the event of the Government accepting the principle, he would, in consultation with such other members of the Assembly as may be elected for the purpose, put himself in communication with the Government, provided no modification of the demand is made without the sanction of the Executive Committee of the Swarajya Party. In the event of the Government refusing to entertain the demand, or agreeing only to unacceptable terms, the members of the party shall resort to a policy of uniform, continuous, and consistent obstruction with a view to make government through the councils impossible.

Such obstruction should be offered on all occasions when members of the party by themselves or by joining any other party or group of members in the Assembly are in a position to defeat the Government. On other occasions they shall take no part in the proceedings. The members shall accept no office with or without salary or other remuneration. No member should agree to be on the panel of chairmen and serve on any committee or commission, or take part in voting for the election of members to any such bodies, except when formation of such committee or commission can be made impossible by a

majority voting against every person proposed for election.

No member shall move any resolution or introduce a bill, but it will be open to the members to accept invitation from any other party to join for the purpose of defeating the Government. All demands for grants in the Legislative Assembly shall be wholly opposed, thus insuring the total rejection of the budget.

Similarly all demands in the provincial councils shall be opposed, but it shall be open to members to abstain from voting on any item if there are special reasons.

The sum and substance of the method described in these documents is to force the hand of the Government by presenting a demand for a change in conditions which will lead the country a step forward toward the goal of self-government, possibly toward the dominion status.

In the meantime the radical wing of the Indian National Congress is preparing the country for a movement—open and aboveboard—for absolute independence of India. The radicals of India, who are generally termed secessionists by the Government, as early as 1900, and particularly since the Russo-Japanese War, have been working for this end. The following document, which may be of historic value, shows that now some of the responsible leaders of the All India National Congress have come out in the open, to spread the idea of the absolute independence of the country:

#### AN APPEAL TO THE NATION

We are passing through a series of national crises the gravity of which can hardly be exaggerated. There are moments in the history of nations when a decisive move in the right direction often leads a nation to a triumphant goal, and when that supreme moment is lost in vague imaginations or false and indecisive steps it takes long centuries to retrieve the loss. India is passing through some such crisis and we are extremely fortunate that the crisis is not yet over. The whole world is shivering from the pains of labor, the indications of a new life are manifest everywhere, and a regenerated India must find a place among the new-born nations of the world. This rejuvenated India cannot accept any over-lord, she must be a free and independent nation.

At a time when all the nations of the world are fighting for independence and liberty, at a time when our Indian heroes are championing the cause of India's independence abroad, it is simply ridiculous and shameful that we Indians should hesitate to accept independence as our only legitimate and logical goal; we therefore appeal to our nation to declare in the open Congress in unmistakable terms that independence, complete independence, is our destined goal; let there be no ambiguous phrases to qualify it, let it be preached in all its nakedness. It is the moral force of this ideal that creates nations.

We must educate the country from this very moment in a way so that the people may realize the significance of a republic and a federation. We may postpone it for the future only at the risk of a great national calamity. We therefore appeal to the Congress delegates to define Swaraj as a Federated Republic of the United States of India.

We also appeal to the delegates of this Congress to delete the words "by peaceful and legitimate means" from the Congress creed so that men holding every shade of opinion may have no difficulty in joining the only national organization in the country, though for the present it may be retained as a part of the actual program of Congress work. Our time is short and we cannot dilate upon this point at any length, but we only say that means are after all means and that our object and means should not be confounded with each other.

We are further of opinion that mere changing of the creed and passing of resolutions will not bring us independence. We therefore request the representatives of our nation to engage the whole strength and the whole resources of the Congress in organizing a band of national workers who shall devote

all their time and all their energy to the service of their motherland and who must be ready to suffer and even be ready to sacrifice their lives for the national cause. When the Congress is backed by an organization of this kind, then and then alone will the Congress have any strength and only then can we expect the voice of the Congress to be respected.

The other items in our program should be:

- (1) Boycott of British of goods,
- (2) Establishment or helping in the establishment of factories and cottage industries on a strictly cooperative basis,
- (3) Helping the laborers and peasants of our land in obtaining their grievances redressed and organizing them for their own economic good and moral prosperity,
- (4) And finally to organize a federation of all the Asiatic races in the immediate future.

SRISH CNANDRA CHATTERJI (Dacca), JITENDRA LAL BANERJI (Calcutta), BIPIN BIHARI GANGULY (Calcutta), AZAD SOBHANI (Cawnpore) [dissenting to delete the words peaceful, etc., from the Congress creed], SIRDAR LACHMAN SINGH (Punjab), PIYUSH KANTI GHOSH (Calcutta) [not a member A.I.C.C.], SYED FAZLUR RABMAN (Patna), MALKHAN SINGH (Aligarh), KANTI LAL PUREKH (Calcutta), RAM PRASAD MISRA (Cawnpore), ARJUN LAL SETHI (Ajmer), NARDEVA SHASTRI (Hardwar), SATYENDRA CHANDRA MITRA (Calcutta), BASANTA KUMAR MASUMDAR (Calcutta), SRIMATI HEMAPRAVA MAZUMDAR (Calcutta), M. Y. IMAM (Bar-at-law Mirzapur),

Members, All India Congress Committee  
SACHINDRA NATH SANYAL (Allahabad), NARAYAN PRASAD ARORA (Cawnpore), MANNILAL AWASTHI (Cawnpore), Delegates

Undoubtedly there is no possibility in the near future of transforming the All India National Congress into an organ of the Indian Republicans who advocate a Federated Republic of the United States of India. But there is every possibility of having a "Republican bloc" in the All India National Congress before the year is over. This would mean a distinct evolution in the party politics of the Nationalist movement in India. The moderate Nationalists will form the right wing. The Swarajists will form the Center, making a vigorous demand for the extension of responsible government in India through constitutional means. The Republicans will carry on their work in co-operation with all parties to further the cause of a republic in India by all possible means.

If the Swarajist demand for a Round Table conference to discuss the extension of self-government and such simple and vital propositions as granting a bill of rights, repeal of repressive laws, and release of political prisoners fails, then the progress of republicanism in India will undoubtedly be accelerated.

## China and the Boxer Indemnity

IN reply to the joint notes of Great Britain, the United States, France, Japan, Italy, Spain, Belgium, and the Netherlands, sent on February 24 and November 3 of last year demanding that China make future payments of the Boxer indemnity in gold francs, the Chinese Government made the answer printed below, taken from the *Peking Daily News* for December 29 last. Representatives of the eight Powers have replied that the Powers have not changed their previous attitude but that "for each Haikwan tael owed to each of the Powers China must pay a sum which is shown by Article 7 of the final Protocol (of 1901) as an equivalent of the tael in gold, conforming to weight



and respective legal values of each of the gold currencies enumerated in the aforementioned article." The note reiterates the conclusions of the two previous communications and suggests that China may have become confused as to the meaning of the terms in question. The Chinese note follows:

M. LE MINISTRE:

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of the two joint notes, respectively of February 24 and November 5 last, which Your Excellency and the representatives of the other Signatory Powers of the Protocol of 1901 addressed to this Ministry on the subject of the payment of the indemnity of 1900. I should have made an earlier acknowledgment but for the fact that the importance of the question has rendered it necessary for the Chinese Government to make a careful and comprehensive study.

In the two notes under reply Your Excellency was good enough to inform the Chinese Government of the unanimous opinion of the Signatory Powers that "there is no doubt whatever that the Protocol of 1901 as well as the arrangement of July 2, 1905, provides in a manner absolutely clear and indisputable that the indemnity of 1900 should be paid in gold, i.e., for each Haikwan tael due to each of the Powers China ought to pay the sum in gold which is shown in the said Article 6 as the equivalent of one tael."

Since the foregoing expression of opinion follows closely the language of the arrangement of July 2, 1905, the Chinese Government would have little hesitation to give concurrence if they felt sure of the precise meaning which the Signatory Powers attached to the phrase "in gold." Judging by the context of the arrangement of 1905 as well as Article 6 of the Protocol of 1901 upon which it is based, the Chinese Government are inclined to the view that the said phrase cannot correctly be construed to mean anything but the respective gold currencies of the Signatory Powers in contrast with the Haikwan tael, which is a silver standard and in the terms of which the indemnity of 1900 is stipulated. In other words, by "gold" is not meant the gold metal but simply gold currency. This appears clear from Article 6 of the Protocol which, while declaring that 450,000,000 Haikwan taels of indemnity constitute a gold debt, fixes the equivalent of the Haikwan tael in gold not as a certain quantity of the gold metal but in the currencies of the Signatory Powers issued on the basis of their respective gold standards. Examination of the available records of the discussion among these Signatory Powers which resulted in the final drafting of Article 6 of the Protocol of 1901 leads to the same conclusion.

If there is any doubt as to what was intended to be the manner of payment, it is resolved by the arrangement of July 2, 1905, which, while declaring the indemnity to be a gold debt, settles definitely and once for all the precise mode of payment. It provides that:

"China will make these payments, calculated on the basis set forth above which fixes the value of the Haikwan Protocol tael in relation to the money of each country, either in silver according to the price of silver on the London market, or in gold bills, or in telegraphic transfers, at the choice of each Power. China may obtain bills and telegraphic transfers as best suits her interests at any place and at any bank at the lowest price or by public tender, provided that the payment in gold be made to each Power direct on the due date. It is understood that China is responsible for the exact payment of the transfer and the bills. Each Power in accepting the present proposal must inform the Chinese Government which of the three methods cited above is the one it chooses until the debt is extinguished."

On the same day (July 2, 1905) by separate notes addressed to the Waiwupu the Signatory Powers indicated their preference, each for itself, for one or another of the three stipulated methods of payment. The selection made by the Powers signatory of the notes under reply were as follows:

Method of Payment	Country
For telegraphic transfers in their respective currencies.	Belgium, France, Great Britain, Holland, Italy, and the United States of America.
Provisionally for payment in silver according to price of silver on London market (but in 1906 definitely selected payment by draft).	Spain.
For telegraphic transfers in sterling on London.	Japan.

These selections were proposed and accepted with the express understanding that they were to remain effective "till the debt is extinguished." Ever since the conclusion of the arrangement of 1905, they have been faithfully applied to the respective countries without interruption, and have theretofore given no occasion for a difference of views in their application.

In their notes of December 28, 1922, addressed to the Ministers of Belgium, France, Italy, and Spain, to which the two notes now under consideration were intended to be a reply, the Chinese Government did not wish either to place a new interpretation on the language of Article 6 of the Protocol of 1901, which has been made clear by the arrangement of 1905 or to propose a modification of the precise mode of payment stipulated in the said arrangement. It was and remains their intention to continue to make the indemnity payments to the present Signatory Powers as heretofore, each according to its own selected method of payment, in full conformity with the said Article 6 as interpreted and amended by the arrangement of 1905.

I do not understand that by the two notes under reply the Powers desired to propose a radical change in the established mode of payment; they appear, however, to intimate that the telegraphic transfer should be so effected that the proceeds will not nearly amount to the fixed sums in the respective currencies of the Powers but will also be in gold specie or the equivalent thereof in value. If this should be the view of the Signatory Powers, the Chinese Government do not feel able to accept it.

Telegraphic transfer is not the only stipulated mode of payment for most of the Powers signatory to the Protocol and has been invariably applied to them in the past ever since the arrangement of 1905 was concluded, but it is also a method of international exchange of which the meaning and scope are perfectly well known. The telegraphic transfer rate between China and the gold-standard countries is constantly fluctuating, even more so than that between any two gold-standard countries, as silver is but a marketable metal in those countries that have demonetized it. It fluctuates accordingly as the value of one currency rises or falls in the terms of the other. Such fluctuations may be due to one or more causes, they may be due to an adverse or favorable trade balance, they may be due to currency inflation or deflation of money, or they may be due to a combination of various causes into the intricacies of which it is not necessary to inquire here, but whatever be the cause or causes of fluctuation, it always refers to the money that is current. If therefore for one reason or another specie has been driven out of circulation by currency inflation, as is the case with the franc, the money that can be so purchased must be the money obtainable on the market.

Moreover, exchange fluctuations are unavoidable when payment is required to be made by telegraphic transfer, and since the stipulated medium of payment is the currency of each country, such fluctuations, unfavorable as they may be for the time being to one party or the other, do not appear to constitute a practical ground for abandoning the currency as the medium of payment and adopting specie instead. For it would scarcely be possible to determine at what stage of the fluctuation of the exchange rate should the currency be abandoned in favor of specie to make a settlement.

Indeed, a different application of the chosen method of payment would not only be incompatible with the generally

accepted practice of "telegraphic transfer" but also contrary to the intent and purpose of the arrangement of 1905. For it will be recalled that no sooner had the first instalment of the indemnity been paid than a difference of opinion arose as to the precise nature and extent of the obligation which China had assumed under Article 6 of the Protocol of 1901. The controversy was brought about by the unexpected rise of the gold exchange rate which caused a deficit in the respective sums in the gold currency though China paid the stipulated amount in Haikwan taels. China maintains that while the indemnity of the Signatory Powers was a gold debt it had been converted into silver at the rate stated in the said article, and that her total obligation was therefore expressly limited to four hundred and fifty million Haikwan taels with interest at 4 per cent in the bond which she had signed and delivered to the diplomatic body, so that she had fully discharged her obligation when she had paid the stipulated amount of Haikwan taels. For nearly three years the Chinese Government declined either to sign the fractional bonds in gold or to make up the deficit on account of payment in silver. It was only after the Powers subsequently agreed definitely to fix the future mode of payment applicable "till the debt is extinguished" that they consented to sign the fractional bonds stated in the respective currencies of the Powers and in addition to pay to them 8,000,000 Haikwan taels, as compensation for the loss in the gold exchange for the years 1902, 1904. The result was the arrangement of 1905 and the Powers made their selection on the same day.

The Chinese Government accepted the arrangement of 1905 and, with it, the risks of fluctuation on the exchange rate from month to month and from year to year, because they understood that while they might thus incur losses, as they have in fact incurred from time to time in the past, there might also at times be gains in their favor.

In point of fact the fluctuations of the gold exchange rate have varied from month to month. From July, 1905, when the new arrangement was put into force, to November, 1917, when by arrangement between China and certain other Signatory Powers of the Protocol the indemnity payments were suspended for five years, there were actually 140 months during which payments were effected, a few months immediately following the revolution of 1911 being excepted, for no payments were made. As regards the rates of exchange for these 140 months, a good illustration may be found in the fluctuation of the exchange on Paris. During 66 months the rate was favorable to China, as it went above the protocol rate of 3.75 francs per Haikwan tael, and during 74 months it was adverse to China, as it went below the said protocol rate. The highest and therefore most favorable rate for China was 6.69068 francs per Haikwan tael for August, 1917, and the lowest and therefore least favorable rate was 3.36008 francs per Haikwan tael for November, 1914. Although the fluctuations have thus been wide as well as varied, the Powers have always received the stipulated amounts in their respective currencies from month to month and from year to year.

In view of the foregoing considerations, the Chinese Government are of the opinion that the word "gold" as used in Article 6 of the Protocol of 1901 and in the Arrangement of 1905 cannot be reasonably construed to make anything other than the currencies of the Signatory Powers issued on the basis of their respective gold standards and that whatever exchange rates prevail at present or are likely to prevail for some time in future, favorable or unfavorable to China as compared with the Protocol rates, they cannot be considered as a valid ground either for placing a new interpretation on the said Article 6 or for proposing a radical departure from the mode of payment selected by the Signatory Powers in accordance with the said arrangement.

I avail myself of this opportunity to renew to Your Excellency the assurances of my highest consideration.

(Signed) V. K. WELLINGTON KOO

Peking, December 27

## Lenin's Widow Speaks

THE following is the brief and simple and strangely impersonal speech delivered by Lenin's widow, N. K. Krupskaya, at the opening session of the Second Congress of Soviets of the U S S R, on the day preceding her husband's funeral:

My words will bear little resemblance to a parliamentary speech. But I believe that in addressing the representatives of the republics of the toilers and my near and dear comrades, who have taken it upon themselves to reconstruct life upon a new basis, I need not bind myself by form and convention.

As I have stood before the bier of Vladimir Ilyich during these last few days, I have thought over the whole of his life. His heart beat strongly with love for all who toil and all who are oppressed. He himself has never confessed this, and I myself would never have uttered it at a less solemn moment. But I say it because he inherited this feeling from the heroic Russian revolutionary movement. It was this feeling that compelled him to seek so passionately and stubbornly the answer to the question: "What must be the path of emancipation of the workers?" The answer he found in Marx. As a man who was tormented by imperative questionings he turned to Marx. He found the answers he sought, and with them he went to the workers. That was in the nineties. At that time it was not possible for him to appear at meetings, so he went to the workers' circle. He went to tell them what he had learned from Marx and the answers he had received to his questions. He came to them not as a haughty instructor, but as a comrade. He not only spoke and taught, he also listened attentively to what the workers told him in their turn. And the workers of Petrograd did not speak only of the conditions in the factories and of their oppression; they also spoke of their villages. In the House of the Trade Unions, before the bier of Vladimir Ilyich, I saw one of the workers who had been a member of the circle of Vladimir Ilyich. He was a peasant from the province of Tula. This peasant from Tula and worker in the Semenikov factory once said to Vladimir Ilyich: "Here in the town it is hard for me to express myself. I will go back to my Tula province and there I will tell my fellow-peasants who are my friends all that you say. They will believe me; I am one of them. There also the gendarmes will not hinder us."

We now talk a good deal about the bond of the workers and the peasants. This bond, comrades, was created by history itself, for the Russian worker is on one side a worker and on the other a peasant.

Living among the workers of Petrograd, conversing with them, listening attentively to what they had to say, helped Vladimir Ilyich to understand the great thought of Marx that the working class represented the vanguard of all those who toiled. Its strength and the pledge of its final triumph lie in the fact that it is the vanguard, and that after it will follow the masses of the toilers and oppressed. Only by acting as the leader of all who toil can the working class conquer.

That is what Vladimir Ilyich understood when he lived among the workers of Petrograd. This thought, this belief illuminated every step of his subsequent activities. He desired power for the working class, for he knew that it was *not in order to build up a comfortable life for itself at the cost of the other toilers that the working class needed power*. He knew that the historical mission of the working class was to emancipate all who toiled and all who were oppressed.

This fundamental idea stamped every action in the life of Vladimir Ilyich. Representatives of the Soviet Republics, of the republics of the toilers, take this thought of Vladimir Ilyich very closely to heart. Our Ilyich is dead. Comrades, communists, lift up higher the banner of our beloved Lenin.

Comrades—workingmen and working women; comrades—peasants and peasant women; workers of the whole world, rally your ranks and march forward under the banner of Lenin, under the banner of communism!



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